

W. A. DELL  
10¢  
MAGAZINE  
No. 124

# Roy Rogers

COMICS







**ROY ROGERS COMICS, No. 124—PUBLISHED BY DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.**

149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y.  
Copyright, 1946, by Roy Rogers. Printed in U. S. A.



# Roy Rogers

IN  
RAIDERS FROM  
THE SEA



ROY ROGERS! I HOPED  
YOU'D BE ON THIS TRAIN



RECKON I HAD TO BE! WHEN  
MY OLD FRIEND DAVE BOONE  
CALLS FOR HELP, THERE'S NO  
TIME TO DALLY



ROY, THIS IS MY DAUGHTER  
PENNY... SHE THINKS SHE'S  
GROWN UP, BUT SHE SURE  
ACTS LIKE A YEARLIN'

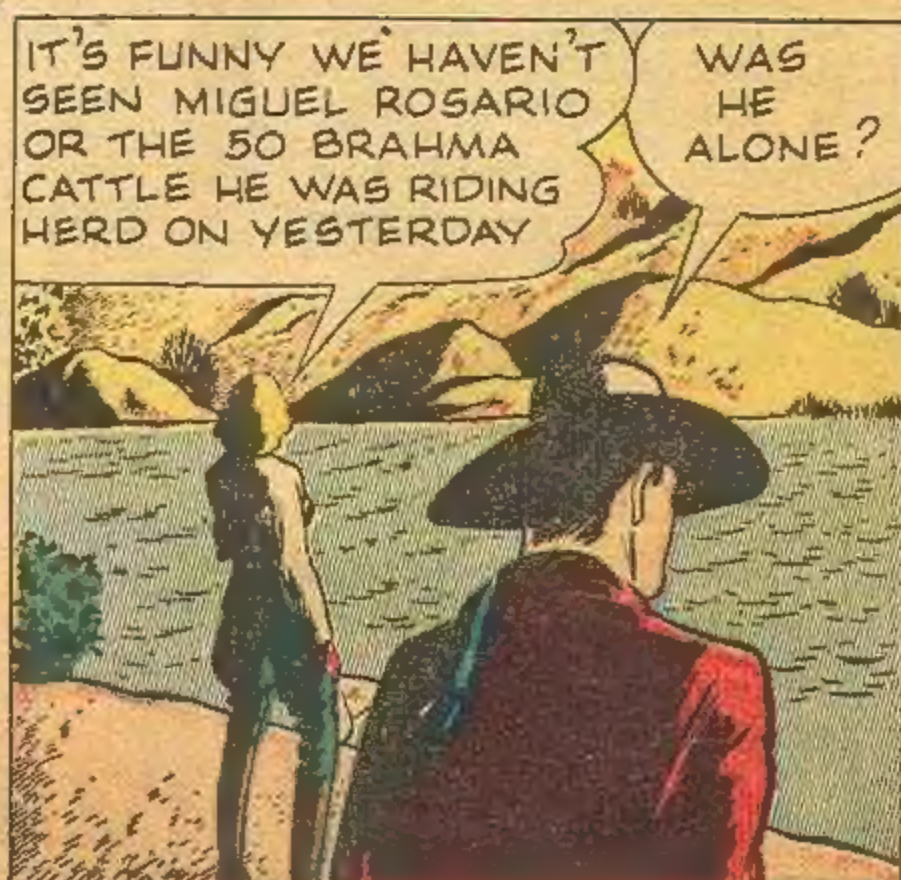
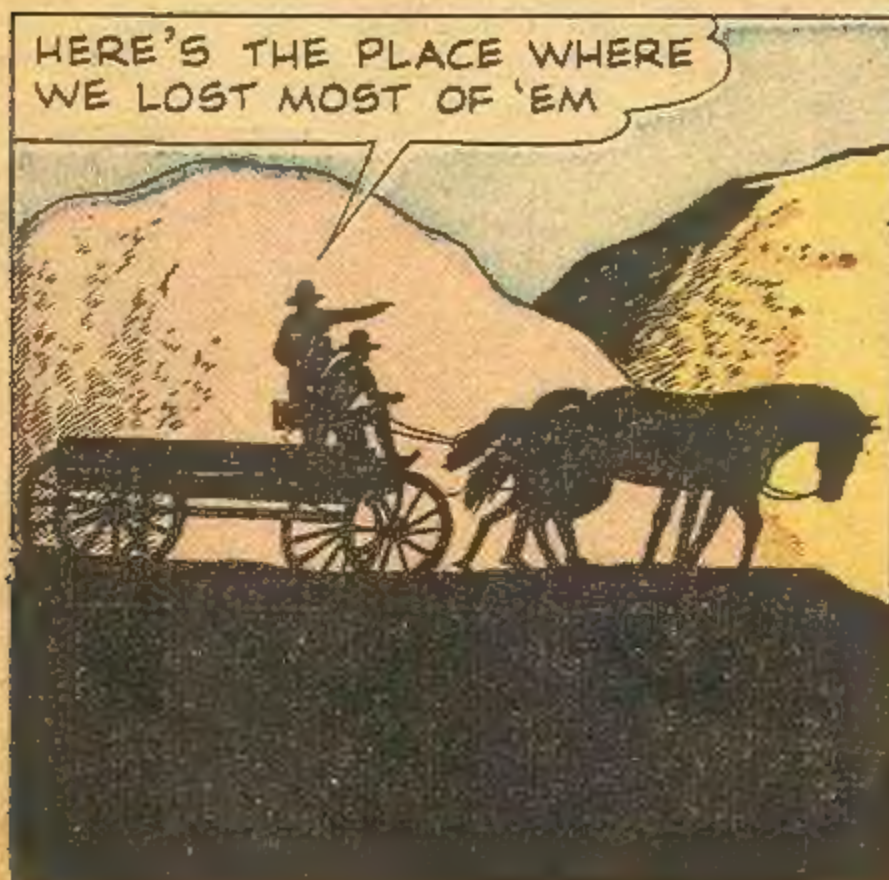
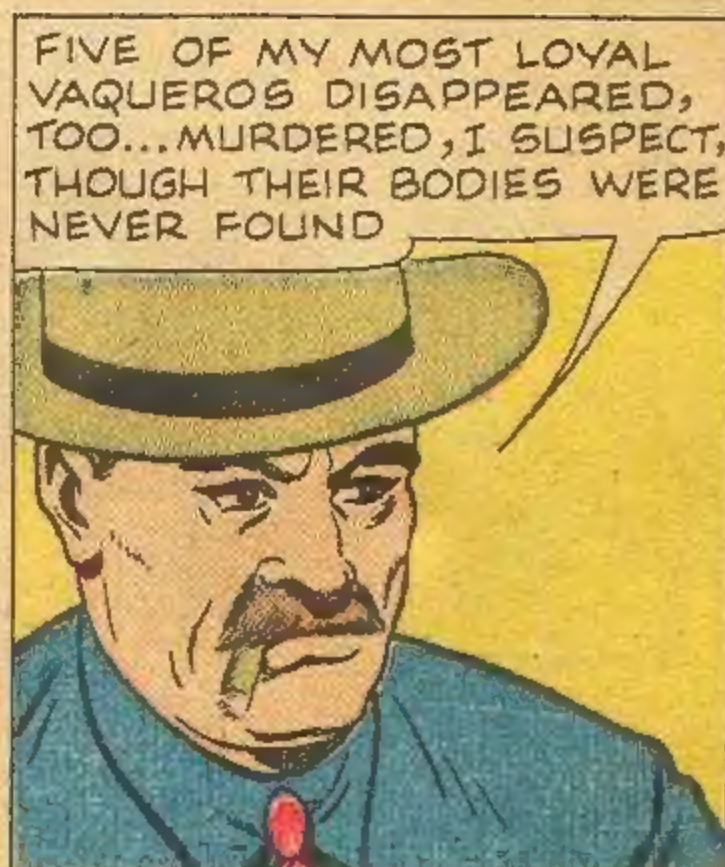
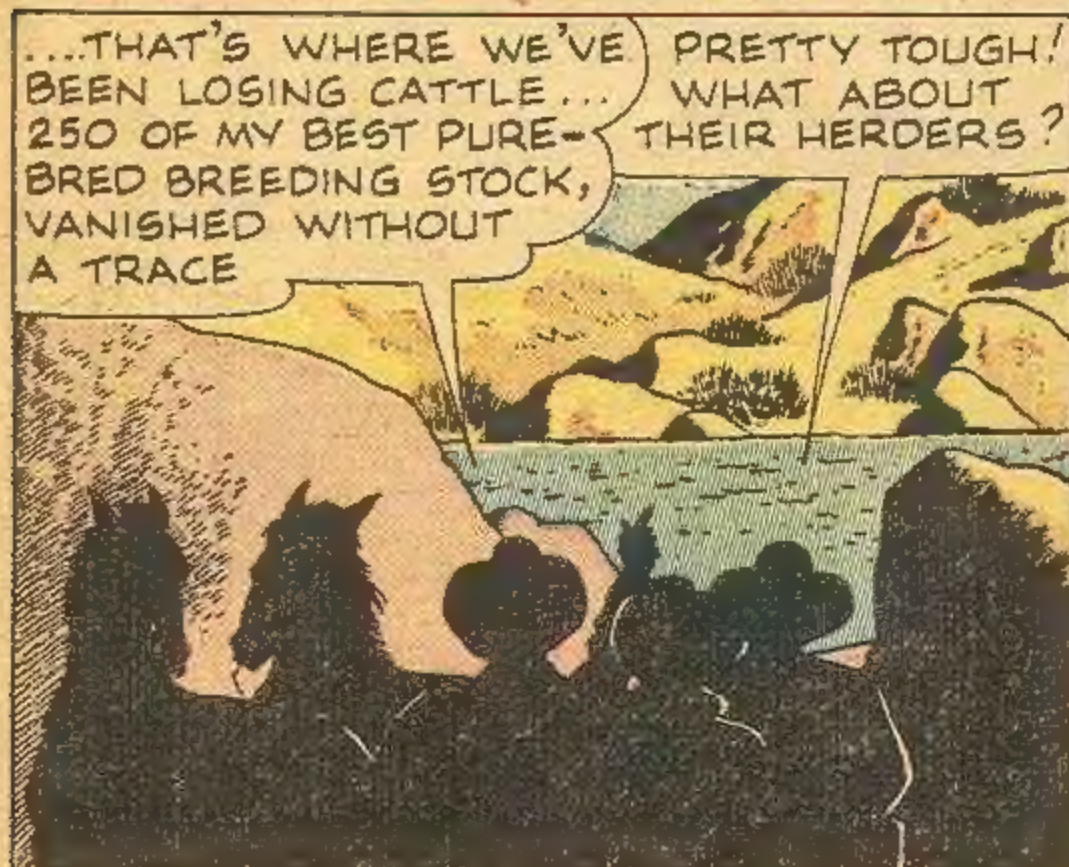
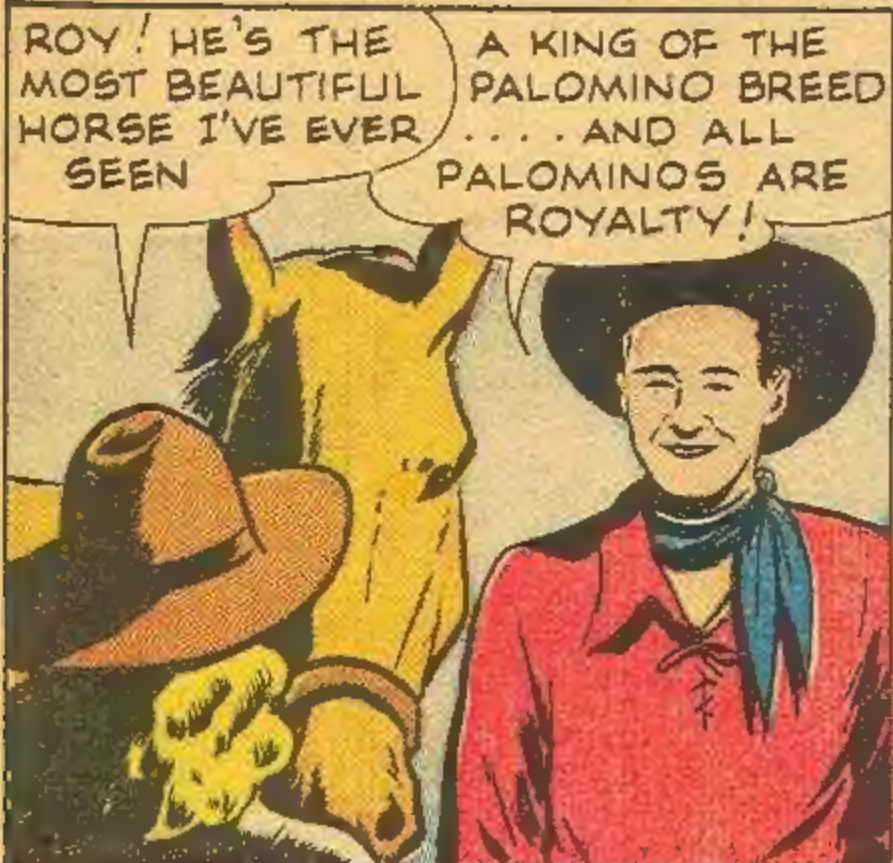
I'M RIGHT  
PROUD TO  
KNOW YOU,  
PENNY  
BOONE



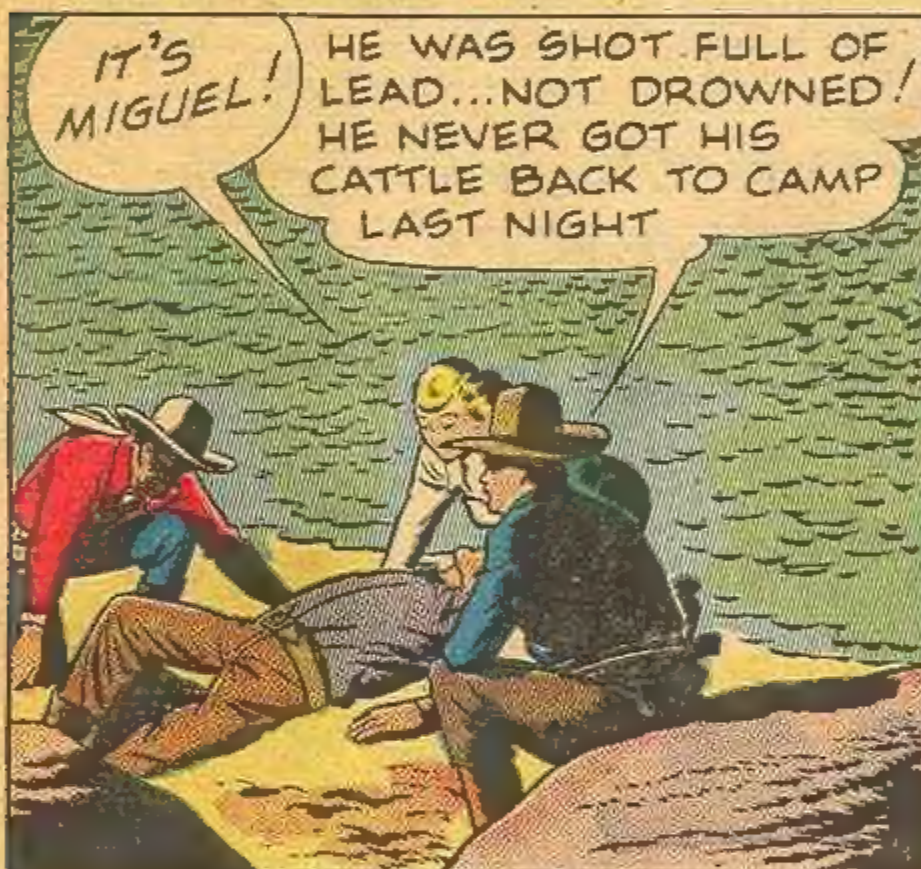
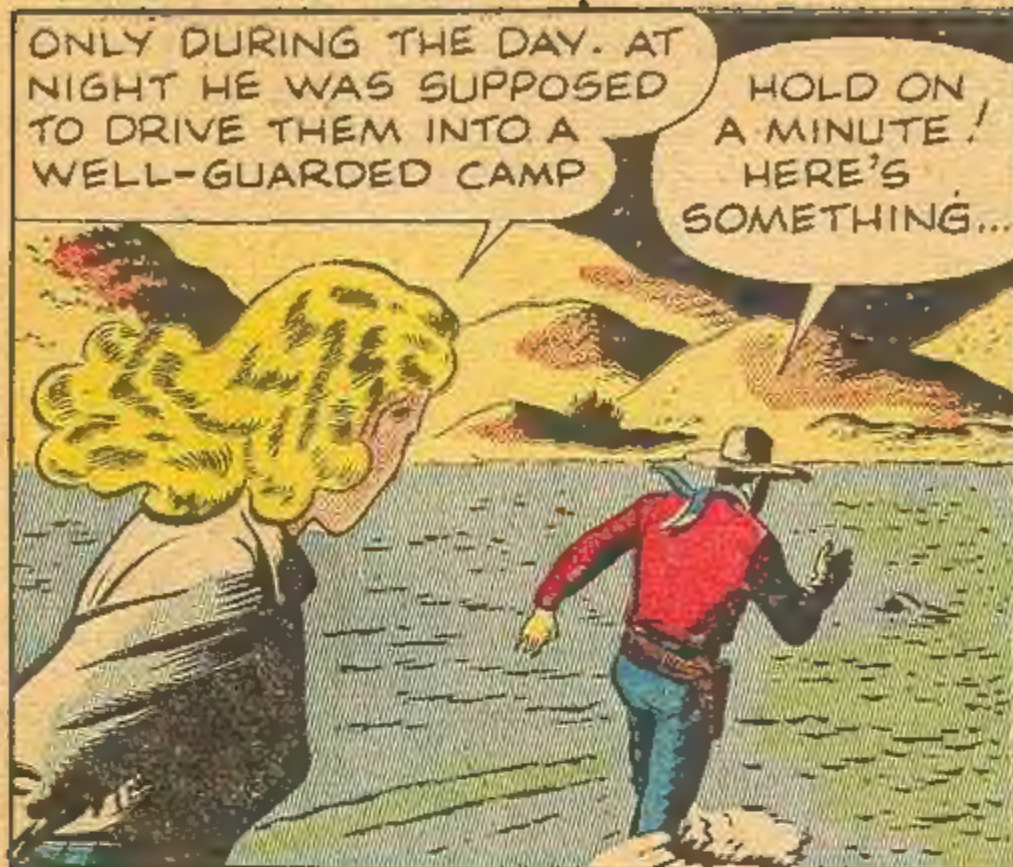
AND NOW I WANT YOU-ALL  
TO MEET TRIGGER, MY FOUR-  
FOOTED PARTNER













I'D RISK A HUNDRED,  
TO PUT A STOP TO THIS  
RUSTLING. WHAT SCHEME  
HAVE YOU GOT IN  
MIND?



I'D LIKE TO SET A TRAP FOR THOSE  
KILLERS...WITH ABOUT FIFTY PRIME  
CATTLE AS BAIT... IF MY HUNCH IS  
RIGHT, THERE'S A CHANCE OF GETTING  
BACK MOST OF YOUR LOST STOCK



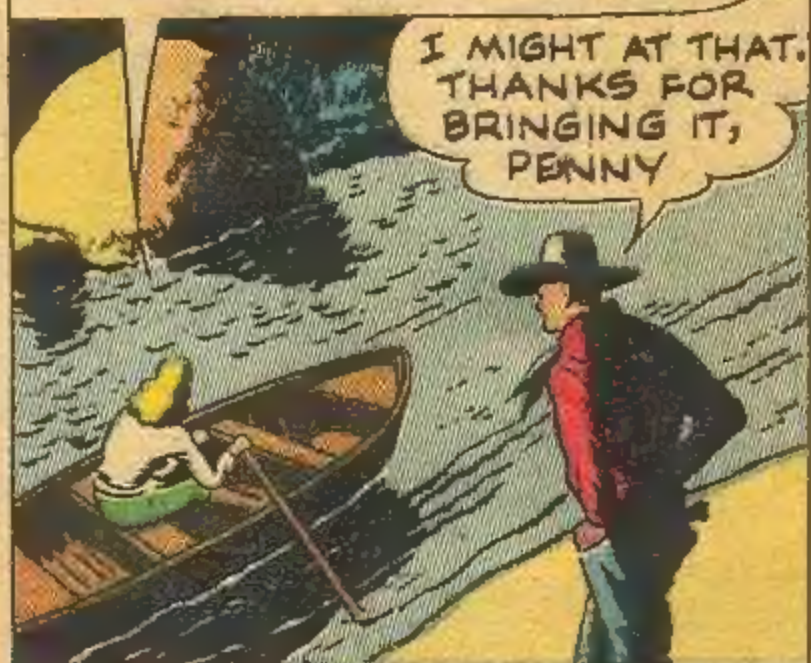
AND IF YOUR HUNCH IS WRONG,  
YOU'LL LOSE YOUR LIFE! LET  
DAD AND ME IN ON YOUR PLAN,  
ROY .... IT'S ONLY FAIR



NO, PENNY...  
IF I DID YOU'D  
TALK ME OUT  
OF IT

AND  
50-

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT  
THIS ROWBOAT FOR, ROY ROGERS  
...UNLESS YOU EXPECT TO CHASE  
THE RUSTLERS INTO THE SEA!



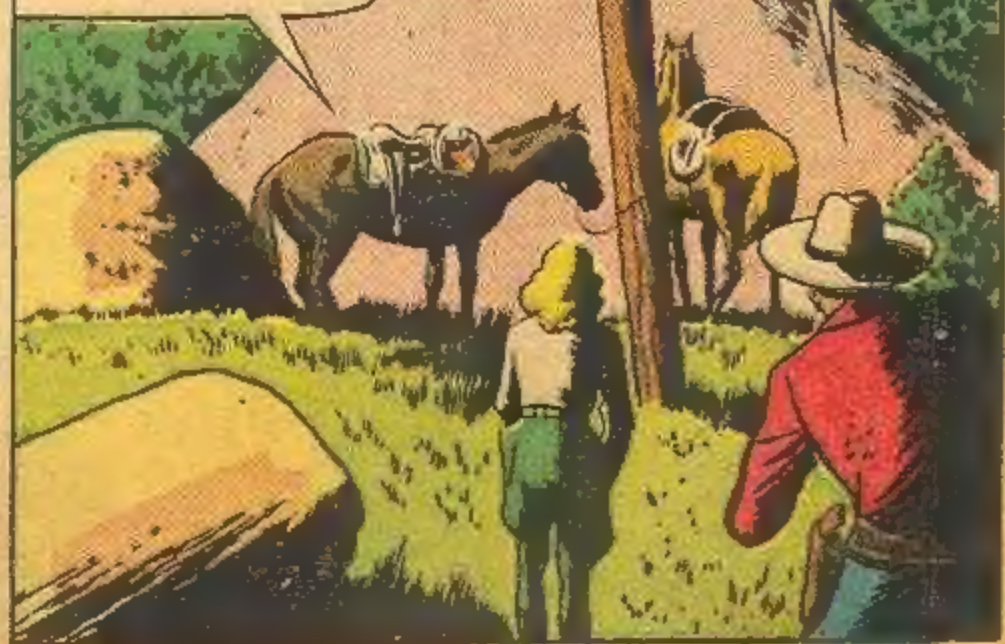
I MIGHT AT THAT.  
THANKS FOR  
BRINGING IT,  
PENNY

I THINK I'LL HIDE IT  
IN THIS LITTLE CREEK



I THINK  
YOU'RE  
CRAZY

I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT MY  
PINTO ROPING HORSE... I  
AIM TO RIDE HERD WITH  
YOU TONIGHT



SORRY!  
NO CAN DO,  
PENNY

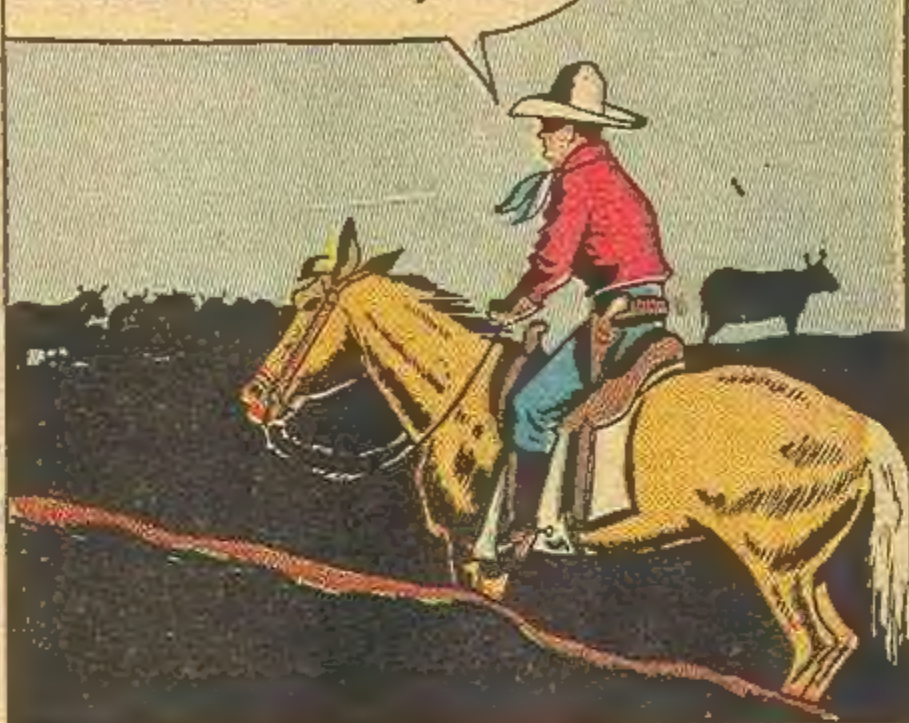


YOU'RE BOUND FOR HOME AND DADDY... RIGHT NOW!

I HATE YOU... HOGGING ALL THE FUN!



THESE BRAHMA CATTLE ARE WORTH BIG MONEY.. EASILY SPOTTED, TOO...



NONE OF THE DIAMOND B STOCK HAS DISAPPEARED WHEN HEAVILY GUARDED. THE RUSTLERS MUST HAVE A SPY SYSTEM



THERE! WHAT WAS THAT I SAW POP UP OVER THAT SAND DUNE?



MIGHT HAVE BEEN A COYOTE, OR A JACK-RABBIT... BUT IT LOOKED MORE LIKE A MAN'S HEAD!



PULL UP, HOMBRE, OR ELSE...!



ROY'S LOOP DROPS NEATLY OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD

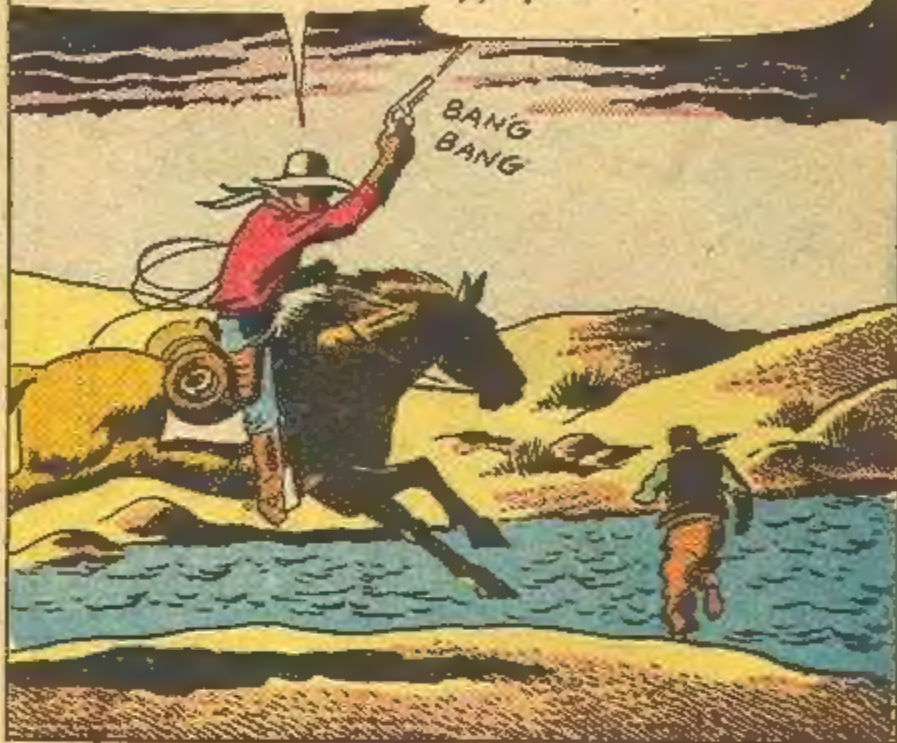




THE ROPE TIGHTENS WITH A JERK



NO TIME TO COIL MY ROPE AGAIN ... HI, THERE...STOP



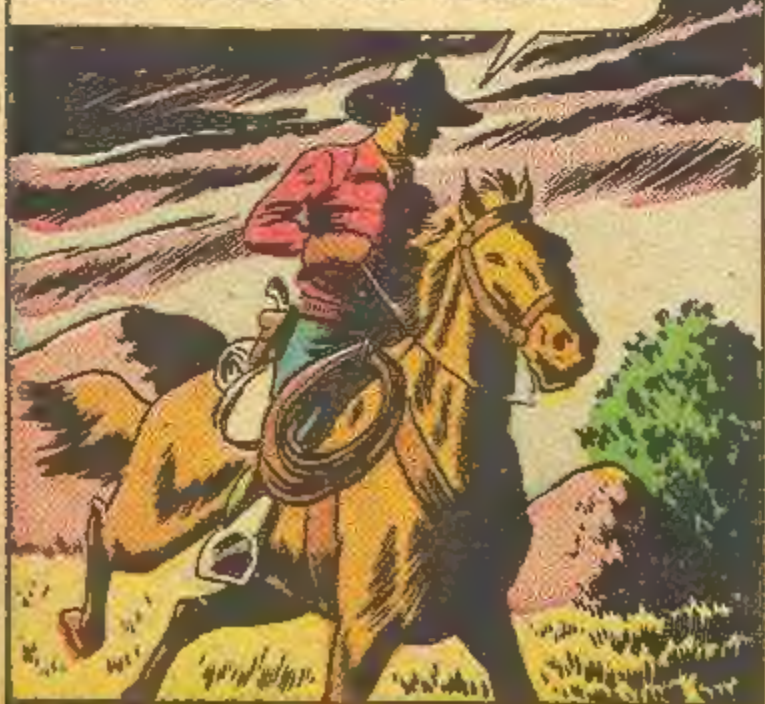
WELL, I'LL BE ... THERE GOES MY SPY!



SHOOTING HIM WOULD BE MURDER ... EVEN IF HE IS MIXED UP WITH A KILLER GANG



IT WILL BE DARK PRETTY SOON! BUT I RECKON I WON'T DO MUCH SLEEPING TONIGHT



I'LL TURN YOU LOOSE, TRIGGER BOY, ... THE COWS ARE BEDDED DOWN





... AND SPREAD MY SOOGANS  
IN THE BOAT. THAT BUNCH OF COWS  
IS GOING TO LOOK PLUMB  
LINGUARDED



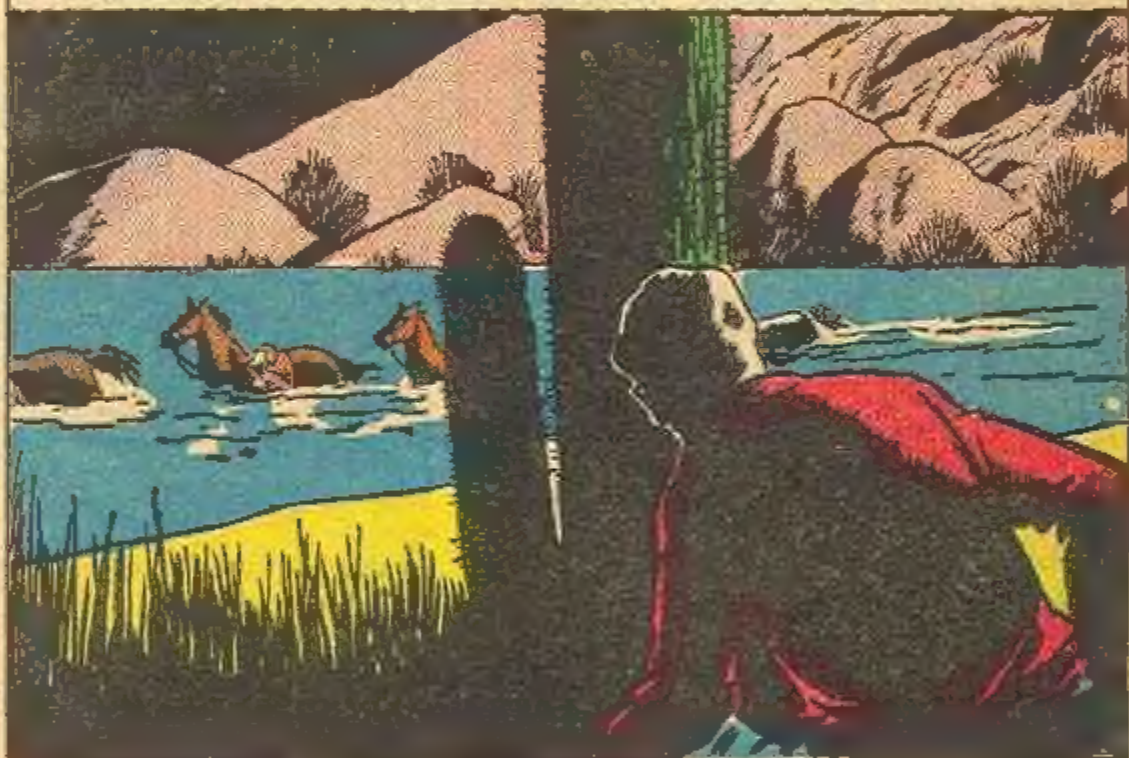
SURE I HEARD A HORSE SNORTING  
.... AND IT WASN'T TRIGGER!



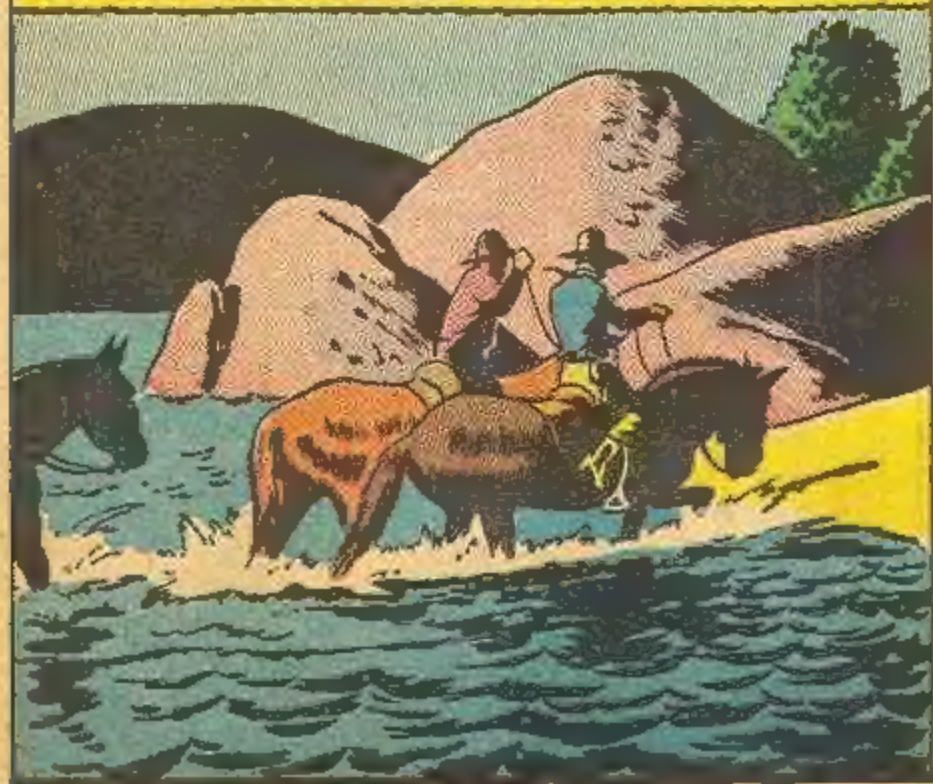
FOUR HORSES,  
SWIMMING IN FROM  
THE RIVER MOUTH!



AS ROY WATCHES, THE HORSES TURN  
INSHORE, TOWING THEIR RIDERS ....



... AND SPLASH OUT UPON THE BANK



PEDRO SAID THERE WAS FIFTY BRAHMAS  
IN THE BUNCH ...  
... AND ONE RIDER!  
BUT WE GOTTA MAKE SURE

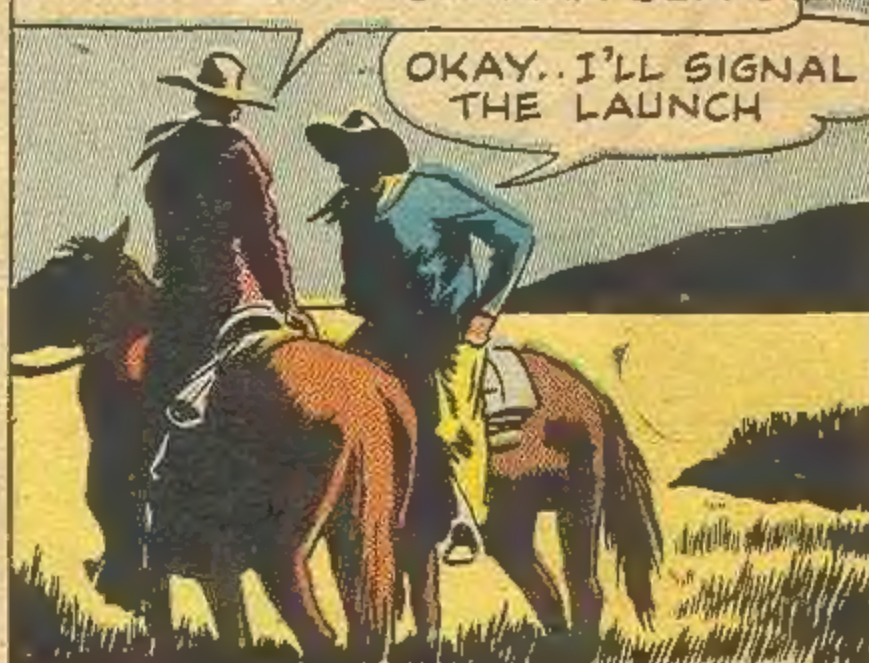




IN SILENCE THE FOUR STRANGERS  
GHOST AROUND THE NOW RESTLESS  
HERD



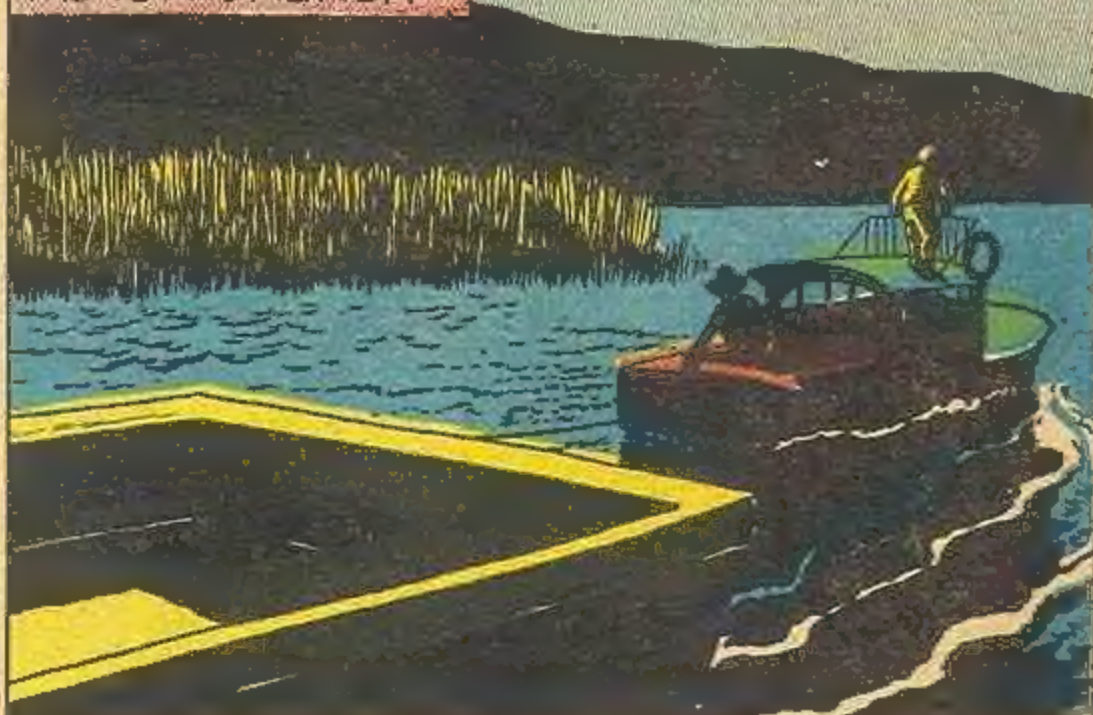
THERE'S A PALOMINO HOSS HERE,  
BUT NO VAQUERO....PROB'LY  
SLEEPIN' A SAFE DISTANCE FROM  
THESE PRODDY BRAHMA BULLS



FROM THE BANK, A FLASH-  
LIGHT BLINKS A MESSAGE  
ACROSS THE BLACK WATER



PRESENTLY A LARGE FLATBOAT CREEPS  
INTO SIGHT, TOWED BY AN ALMOST SILENT  
MOTOR LAUNCH



SLOWLY AND WITH GREAT CARE, THE  
SHORT-TEMPERED BRAHMAS ARE  
DRIVEN ONTO THE BEACHED FLAT-  
BOAT



HOW ABOUT THE HOSS? YEAH! THAT  
WANT TO PUT HIM  
ABOARD, TOO, BOSS? PALOMINO  
IS WORTH HALF  
A DOZEN COWS.  
PUT HIM ON!





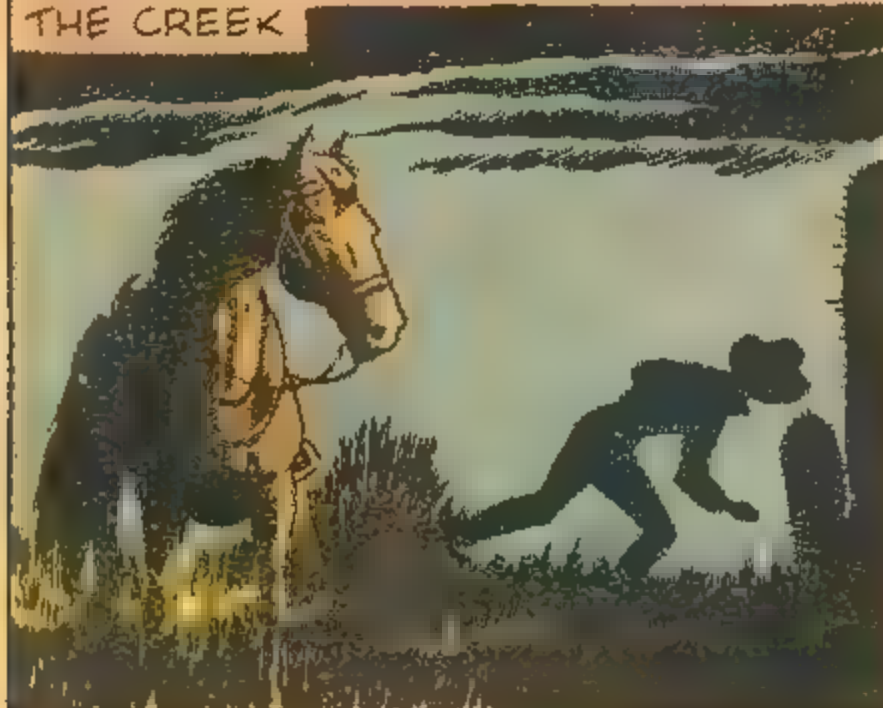
THERE THEY GO! I COULD HAVE  
BROKEN UP THE PARTY AND SAVED  
TRIGGER, BUT, ..



I'LL BE GOING ABOARD, TOO,  
BARRING AN ACCIDENT



WITH HIS MIND ON THE RIDERS FROM  
THE SEA, ROY FAILS TO GLIMPSE A  
CROUCHING FIGURE, HURRYING TO  
THE CREEK



THAT LOADED FLATBOAT WILL  
HAVE TO MOVE SLOW...I SHOULD  
BE ABLE TO KEEP IT IN SIGHT



FIVE MINUTES' ROWING BRINGS  
ROY TO THE FOAMING BAR



THEY'RE HEADING  
STRAIGHT OUT TO SEA!





HALF A MILE FROM SHORE A FREIGHTER'S  
DIM SHAPE LOOMS ABOVE THE FLATBOAT



A CARGO PORT OPENS... A  
GANGWAY DROPS... AND THE  
BAWLING CATTLE ARE  
PRODDED INTO THE FREIGHTER'S  
HOLD



A PROD-POLE BRINGS A FURIOUS ANSWER  
FROM ONE OF THE FLATBOAT'S OCCUPANTS



GOOD BOY, TRIGGER!  
GO ON N, NOW!



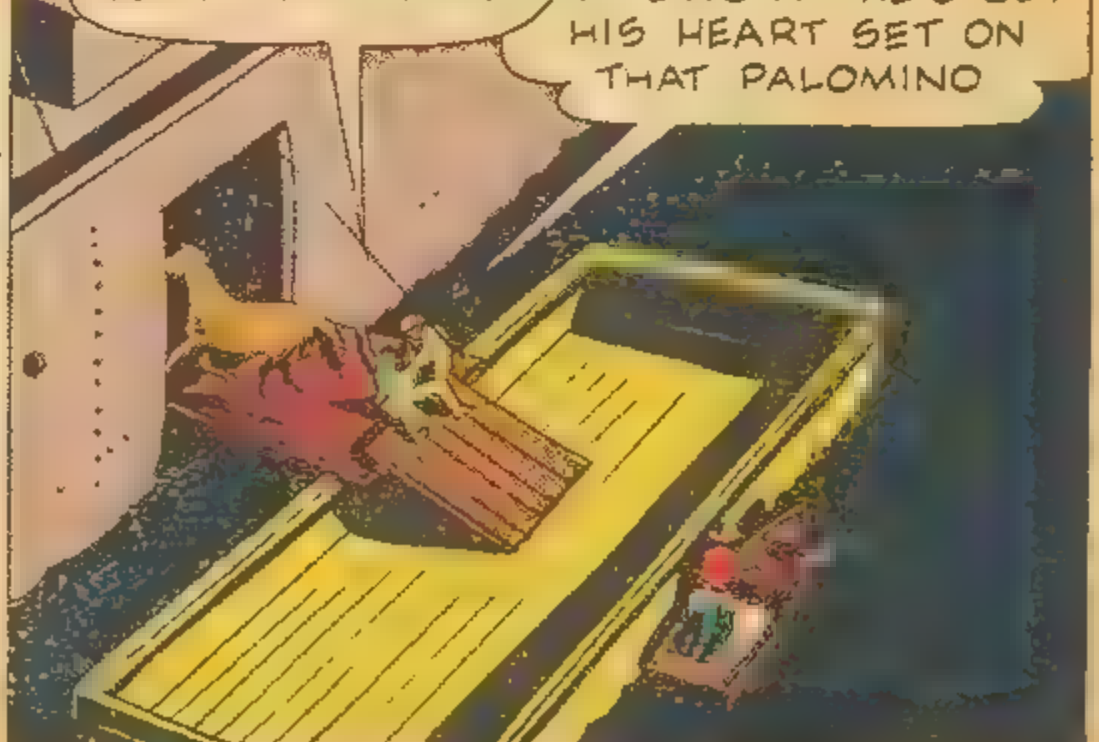
TRIGGER'S QUICK EARS  
CATCH ROY'S WHISPER

WHEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!



I'LL KILL THAT  
BLASTED COYOTE!

NOT IF THE BOSS  
KNOWS IT. HE'S GOT  
HIS HEART SET ON  
THAT PALOMINO





THEY'RE HOISTING THE LAUNCH ABOARD,, AND MAKING FAST TO THE FLATBOAT WITH A TOWLINE

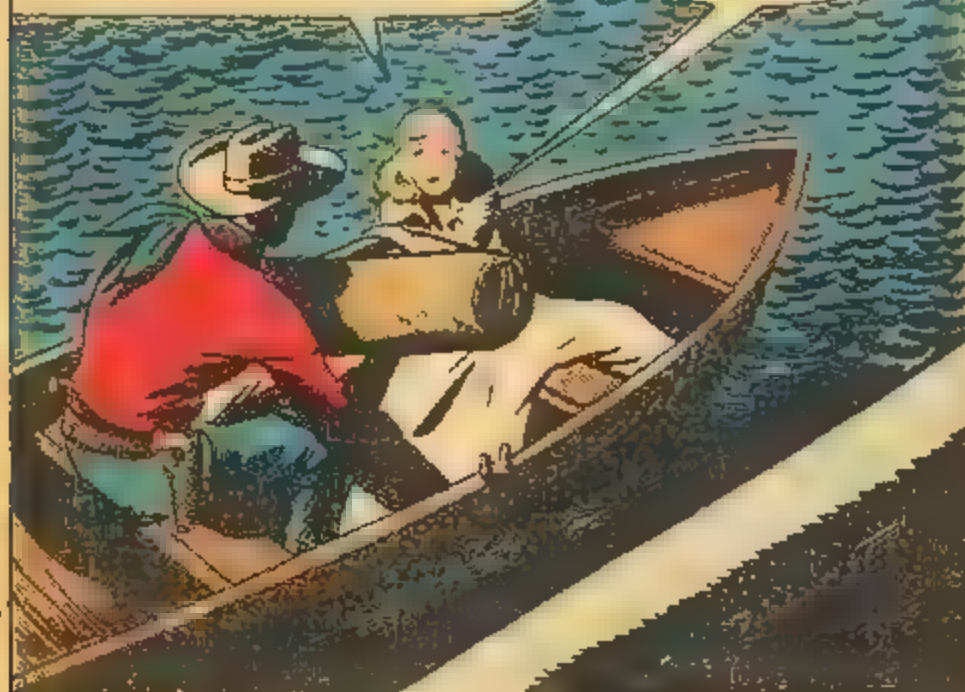


NOW I'LL GET ABOARD, WITH MY SADDLE AND SOOGANS...



....AND ME! I'M ALWAYS TURNING UP AGAIN, LIKE A BAD.....

**PENNY!**



WHY CAN'T TWO STOW AWAY AS EASILY AS ONE. YOU CAN'T SEND ME HOME NOW, ROY

I CAN, AND I WILL! YOUR JOB IS TO GO BACK AND WARN THE U.S. COAST GUARD TO HEAD OFF THIS SHIP



OKAY, ROY...I'LL TAKE YOUR MESSAGE BACK. BUT...

LOOK OUT! YOU'RE ROCKING THE....



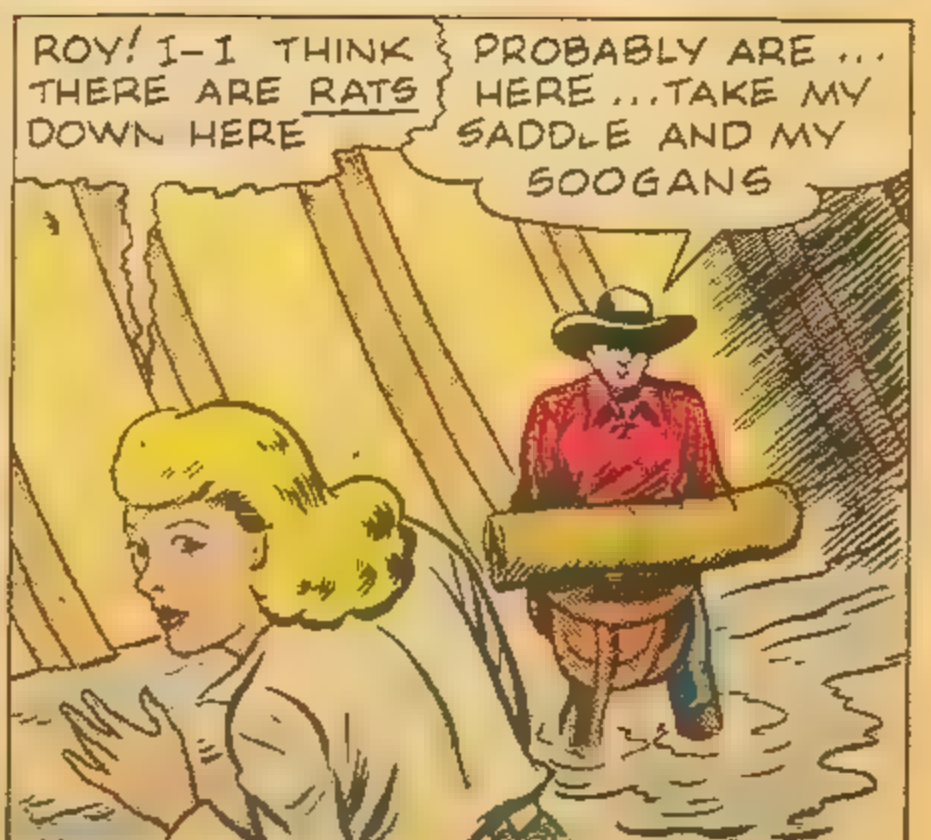
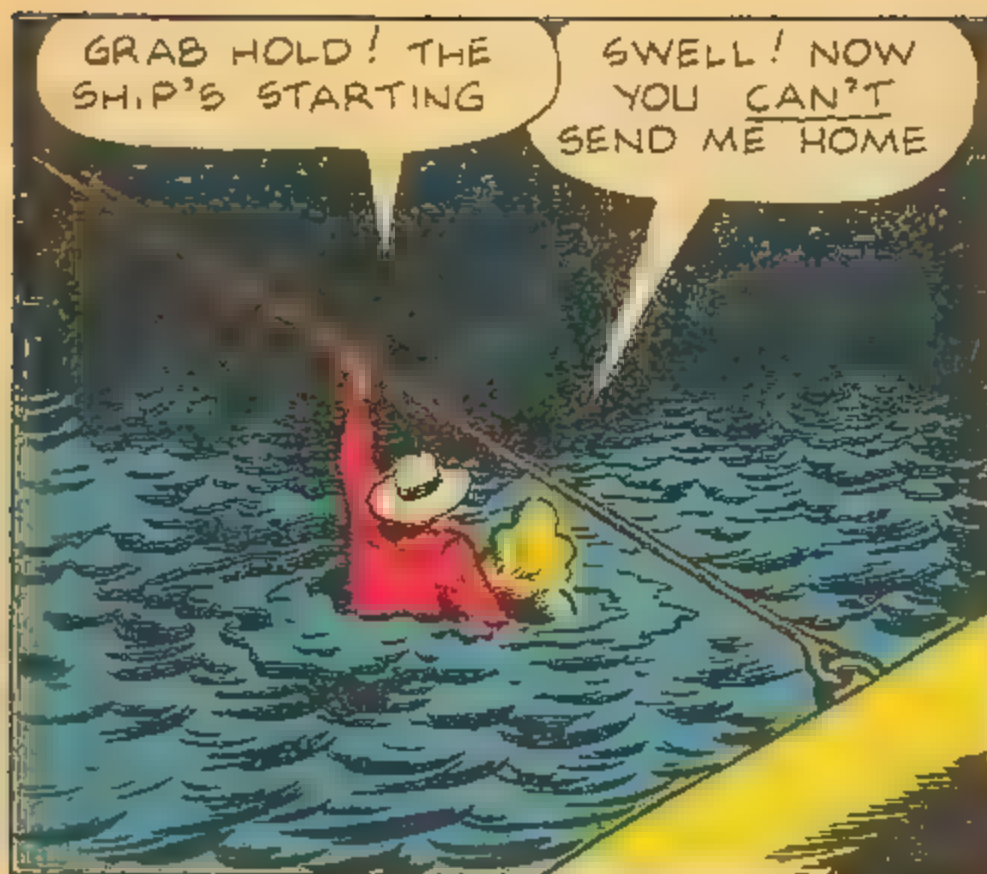
OH!



DOGGONE, THRILL-CRAZY TOMBOY..!









PRETTY ROOMY  
QUARTERS FOR  
A SEA VOYAGE,  
PENNY!

YES ....  
**EEEEEEK!**

YOU'LL GET USED  
TO THE RATS ...  
MAYBE! THE  
DARKNESS IS  
GOING TO BE  
WORSE

OH, ROY!  
I... I'M  
SORRY I  
WAS SUCH  
A CRAZY  
KID

WE'LL BE DRY HERE WHERE  
THE BOW SLOPES UP... BUT  
WE'VE GOT TO GO EASY  
ON MATCHES

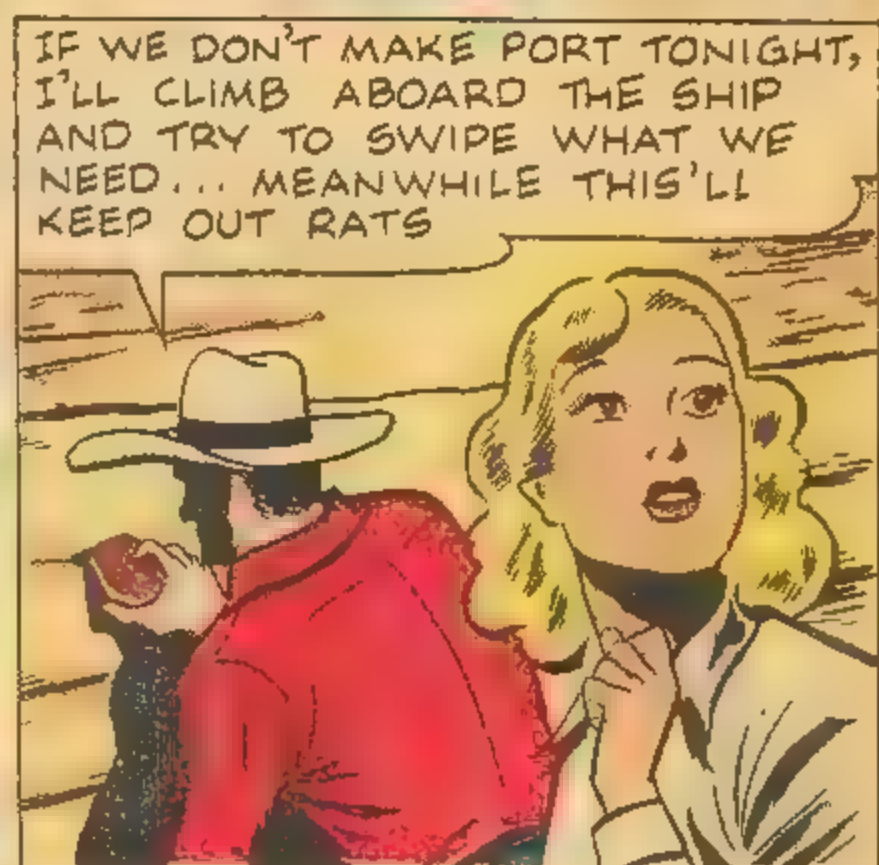
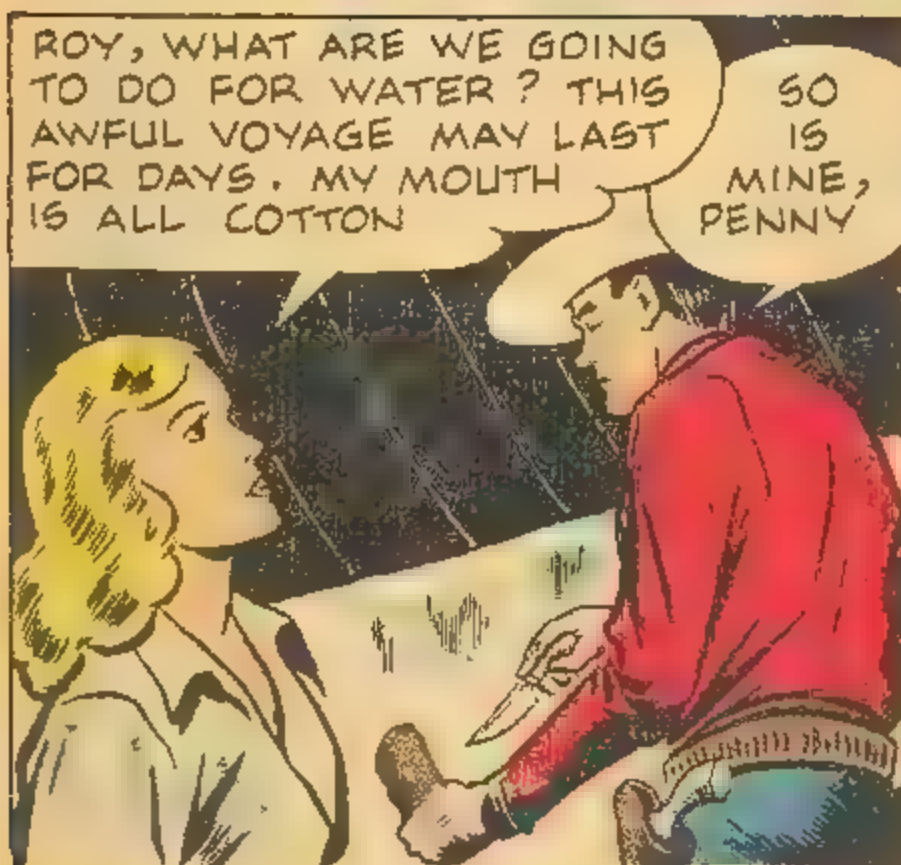
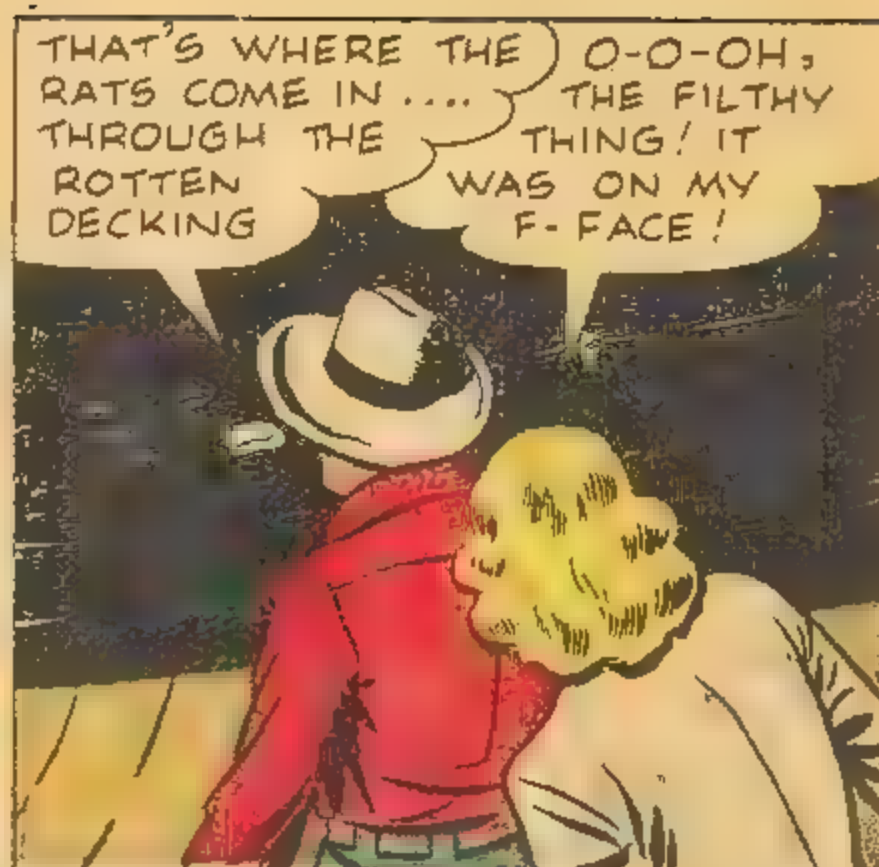
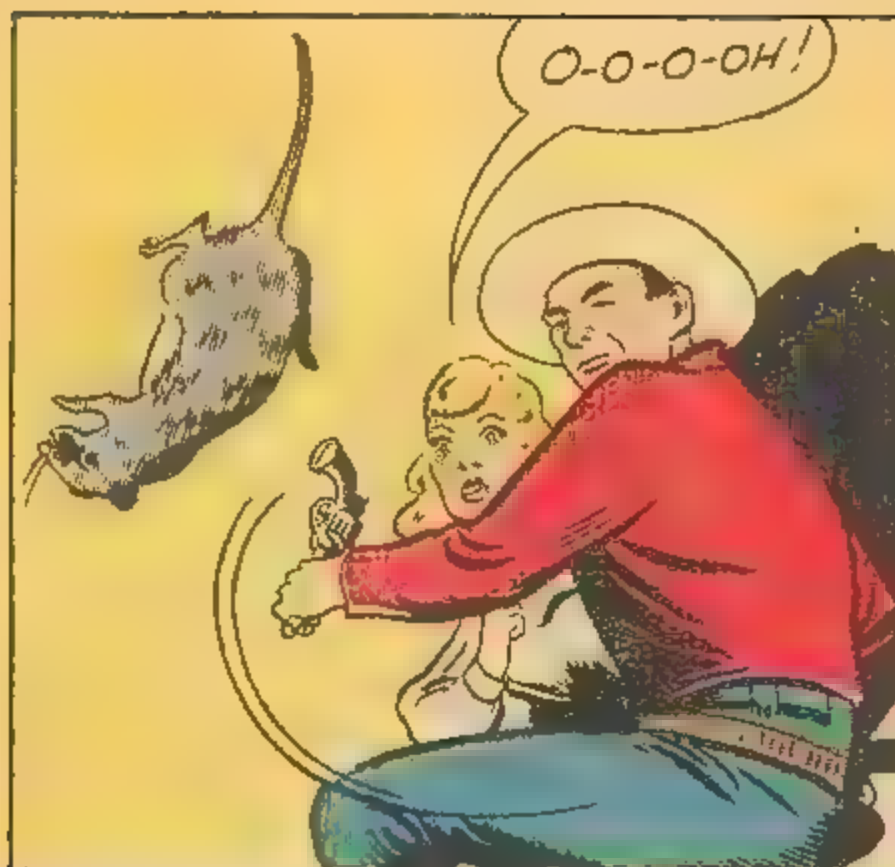
FIRST OF ALL, I'LL HAVE  
TO DRY THE SALT WATER  
FROM MY GUNS... I  
WON'T NEED A LIGHT  
FOR THAT

OH, ROY! IF YOU  
HADN'T CARRIED  
YOUR MATCHES  
IN A CORKED  
BOTTLE, WE  
WOULDN'T HAVE  
ANY LIGHT

LIGHT THROUGH THE ROTTED DECKING  
SHOWS THE FLATBOAT'S OTHER  
OCCUPANTS

**YEEEEEEK!**



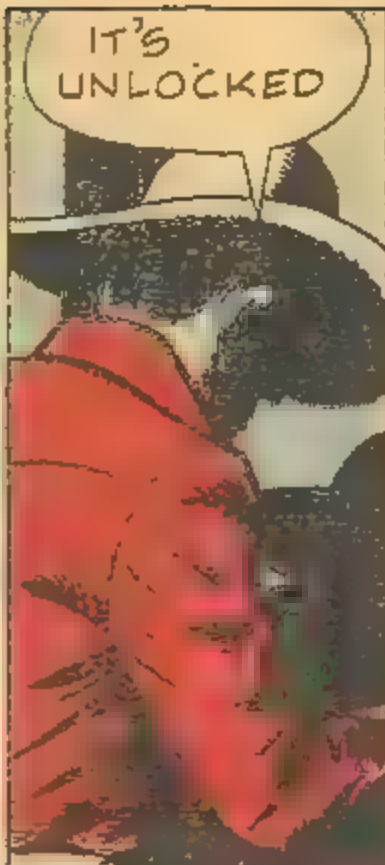




I RECKON THIS IS THE  
COOKSHACK ... SHIP'S  
GALLEY THEY CALL IT



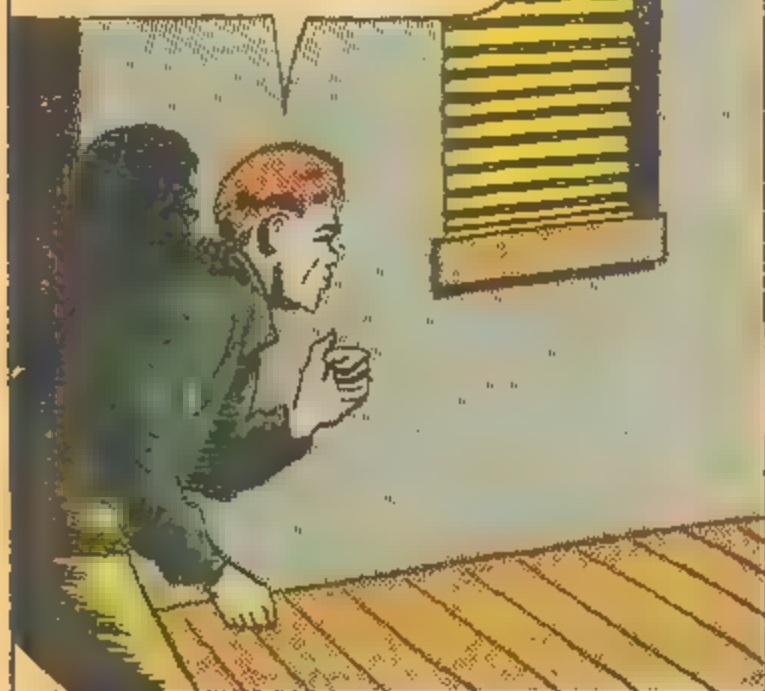
IT'S  
UNLOCKED



COLD BISCUITS ... CHEESE  
... AND A SYRUP CAN FULL  
OF WATER ... ABOUT ALL  
I CAN CARRY...



A LIGHT! SOME WISE GUY  
SNITCHIN' FROM THE  
GALLEY AGAIN!



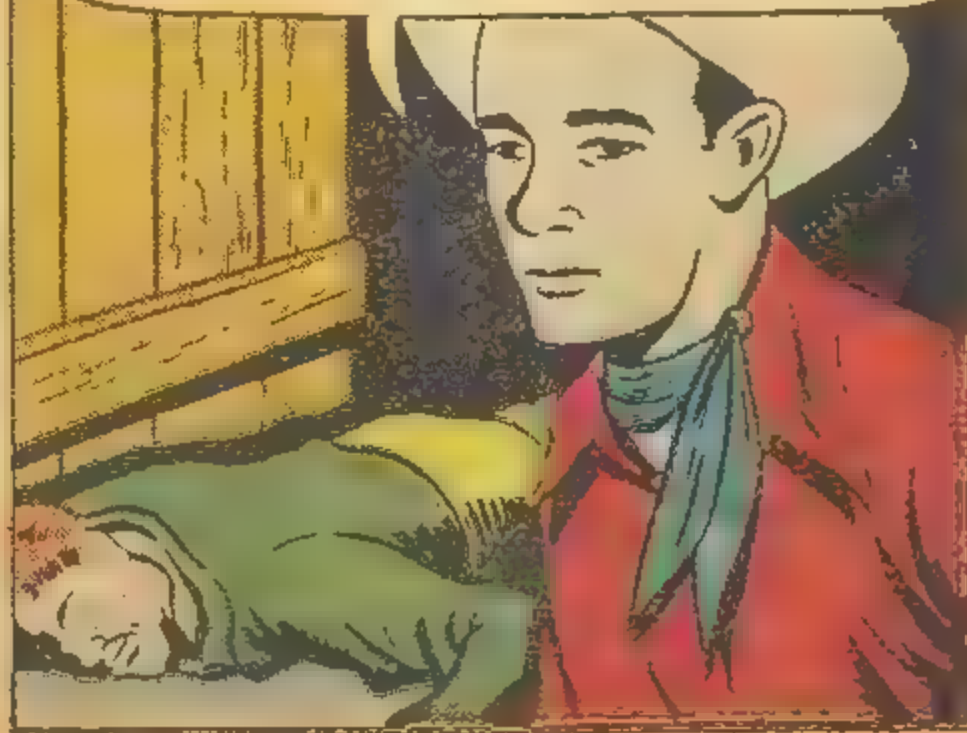
COME OUTA THAT, YOU!  
I SEEN YOUR LIGHT...



UNK!



HE'S OUT FOR A FEW MINUTES  
ANYWAY.. NO NEED TO TIE HIM





NOBODY HEARD THE RUMPLUS... BUT I'D BETTER KEEP MY EYES PEELED



WONDER WHERE TINY WENT? HE HEADED THIS WAY

PROB'LY CRAWLED INTO THE STARBOARD LIFEBOAT FOR A SNOOZE



HAW, HAW! BETCHA HE DID! LET'S WAKE HIM UP WITH A BUCKET OF WATER

HEH, HEH! THAT OUGHTA CURE HIM.... C'MON



THAT WAS CLOSE WORK... BUT THE REST IS EASY



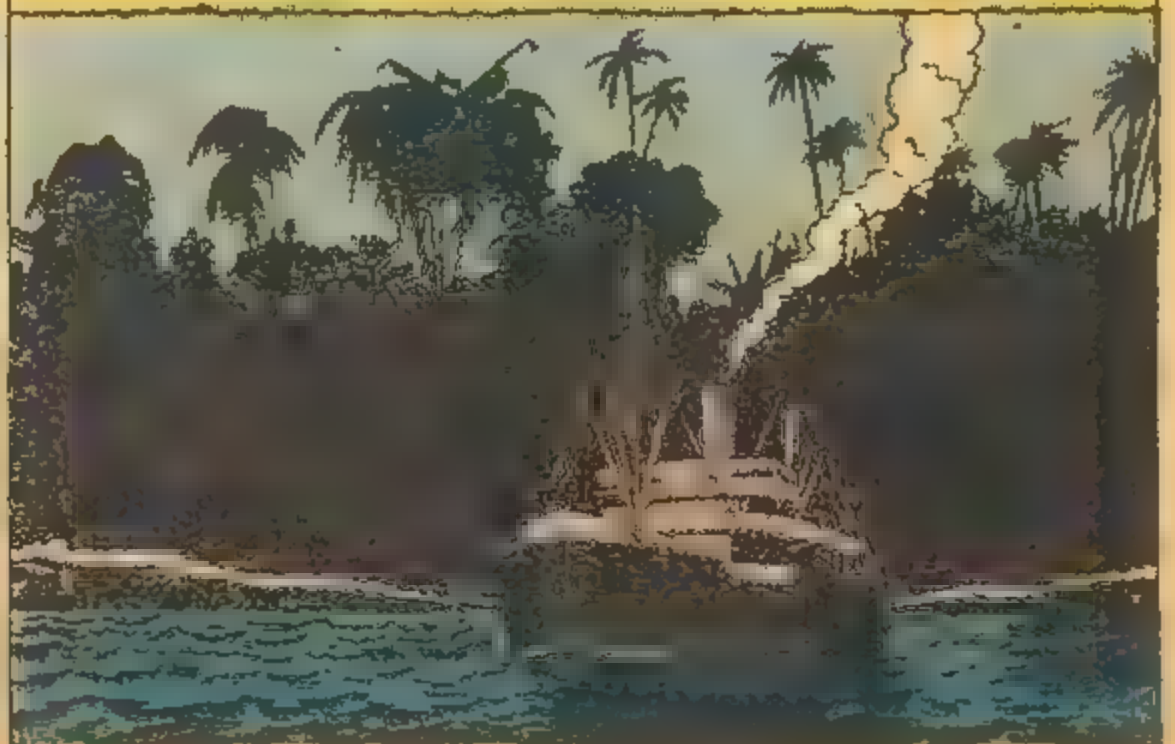
WITH THE COOK'S CANVAS APRON TO PROTECT HIS HANDS, ROY MAKES A FAST SLIDE DOWN THE TOW ROPE



GRAB IT, PENNY... FOOD, WATER AND A FLASH-LIGHT!



THE FOURTH NIGHT THE FREIGHTER ANCHORS OFF THE COAST OF A TROPICAL ISLAND....

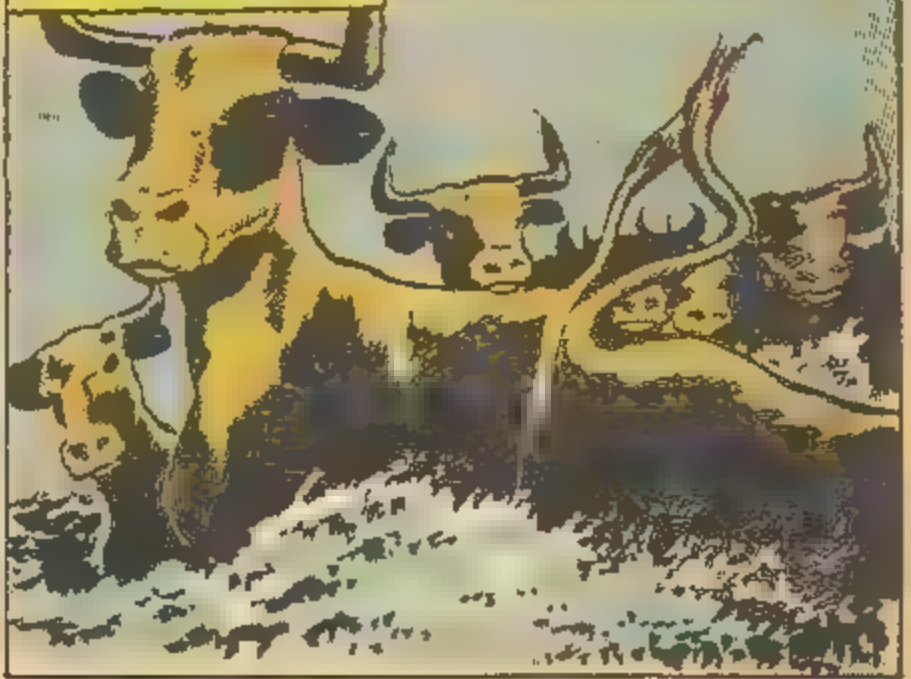




THE CATTLE ... AND TRIGGER ...  
ARE TOWED TO A MOON-LIT BEACH..



TWO HUNDRED MORE, OF VARIED  
BRANDS, ARE UNLOADED, ... AND  
DRIVEN ASHORE THROUGH THE  
CREAMY SURF



ALL CLEAR, PENNY! NO ONE IN SIGHT, AND THE  
JUNGLE IS CLOSE AND THE  
AIR IS  
PURE ...  
AT LAST!



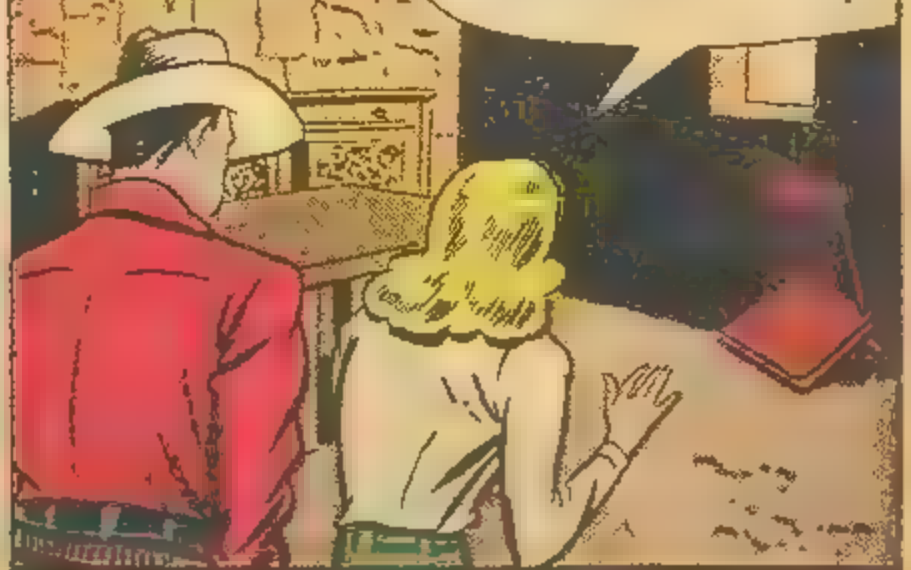
WHICH WAY DID THE RUSTLERS  
GO? INTO THAT GROVE OF  
PALM TREES, I THINK  
... PROBABLY THEY  
HAVE A CAMP THERE



**ROY** ... A WHITE  
STONE COTTAGE! HALF THE  
ROOF IS  
GONE... LOOKS  
DESERTED

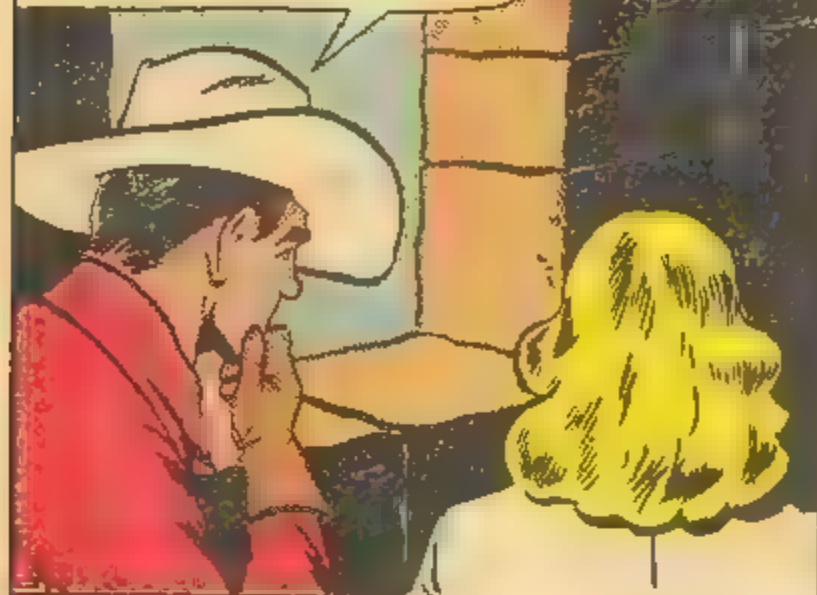


IT'S SURE UNINHABITED  
... WOULDN'T BE A BAD  
PLACE FOR US TO SPEND  
THE NIGHT IT'S A  
PALACE ...  
COMPARED  
WITH THE  
FLATBOAT! BUT, ROY..  
WHERE ARE WE?



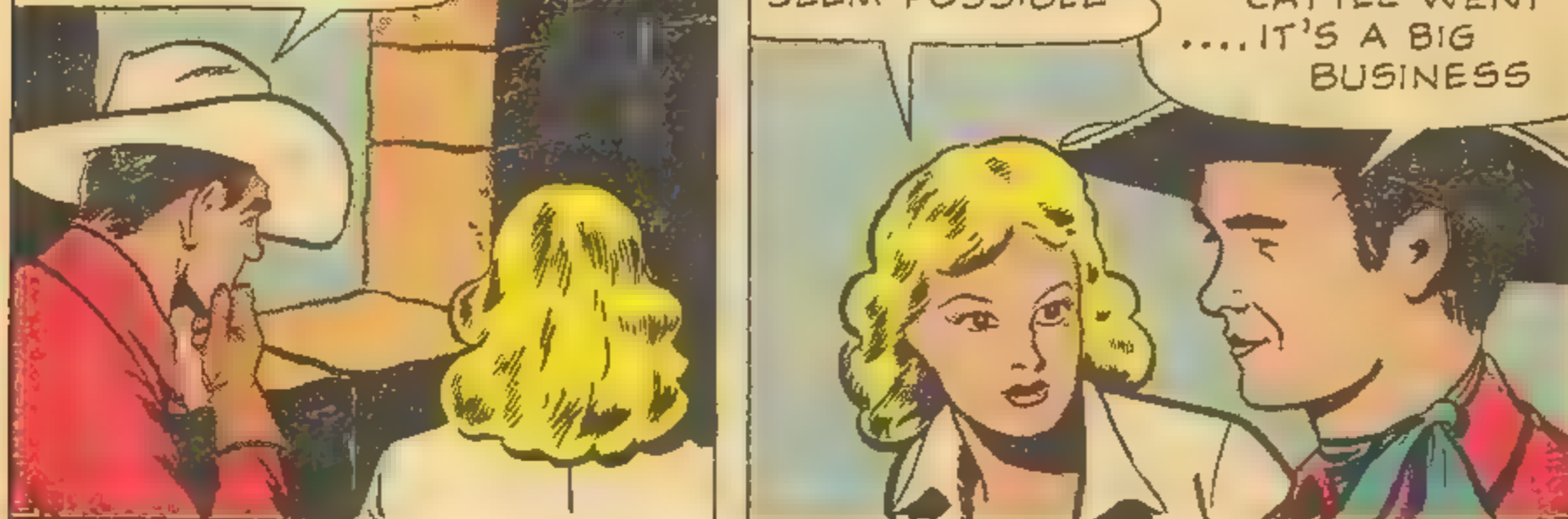


THIS WALL IS MADE OF CORAL  
BLOCKS... PROBABLY QUARRIED  
RIGHT ON THIS ISLAND... I  
RECKON WE'RE ON ONE OF  
THE FLORIDA KEYS



BLT, ROY... THAT MEANS  
WE'VE COME CLEAR  
ACROSS THE GULF OF  
MEXICO, FROM BOCA  
BONITA! IT DOESN'T  
SEEM POSSIBLE

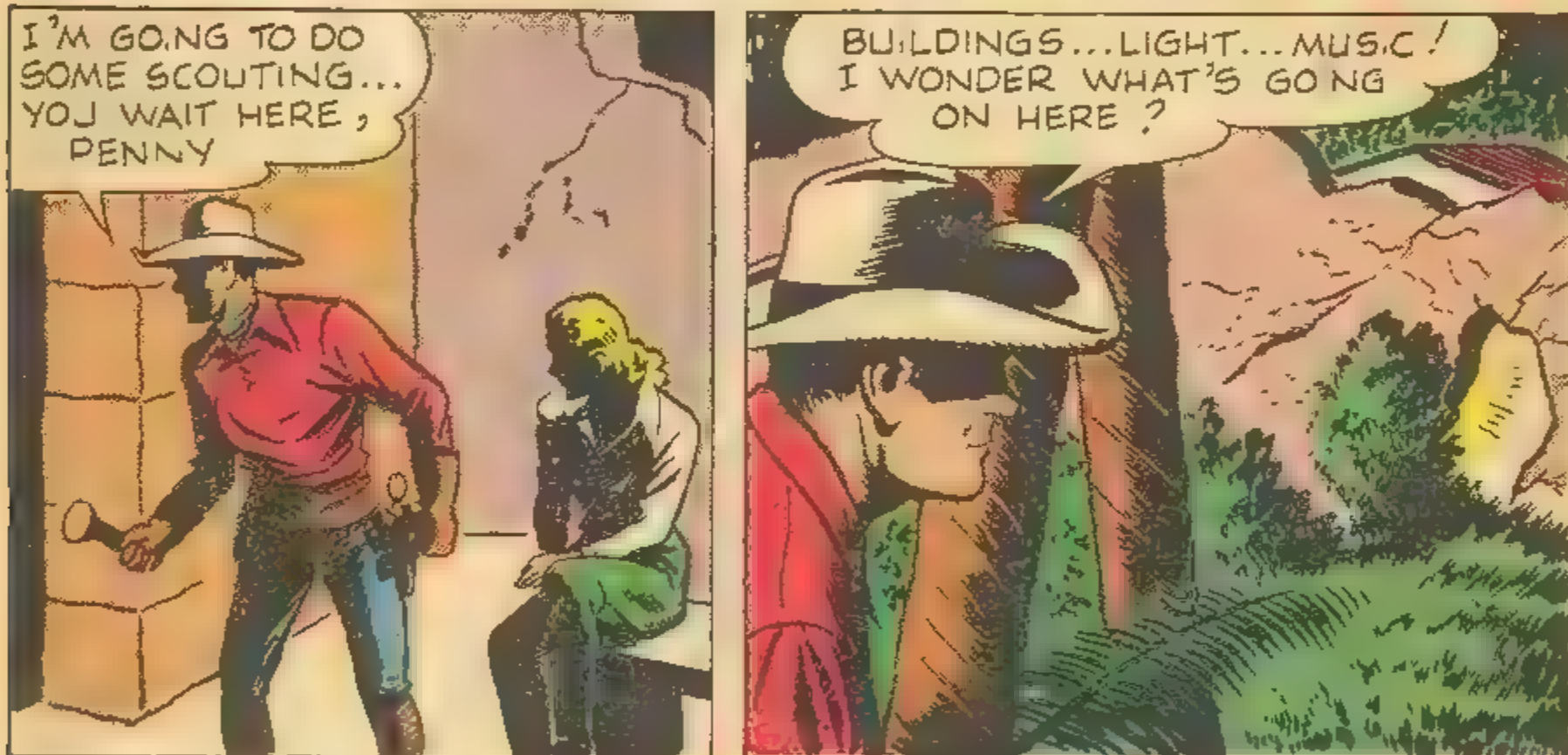
THAT'S WHY  
NOBODY HAS  
BEEN ABLE TO  
GUESS WHERE  
YOUR DAD'S  
CATTLE WENT  
....IT'S A BIG  
BUSINESS



I'M GOING TO DO  
SOME SCOUTING...  
YOU WAIT HERE,  
PENNY



BUILDINGS... LIGHT... MUSIC!  
I WONDER WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE?



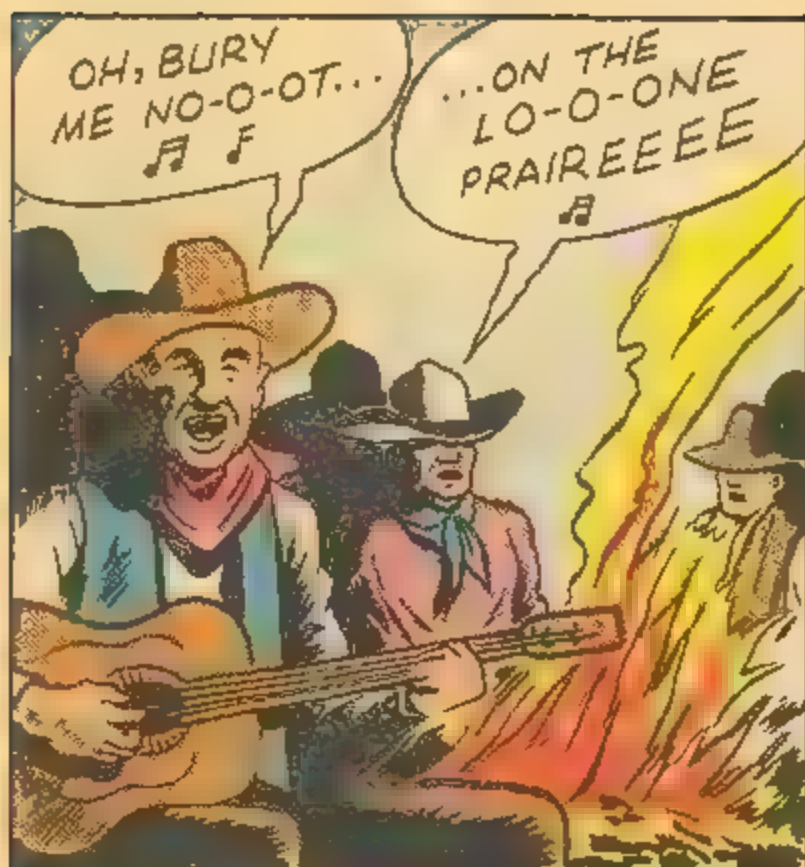
A BARBECUE! MAN!  
DOES THAT MAKE  
MY MOUTH WATER



IN THE PATIO OF A RUINED HOTEL...

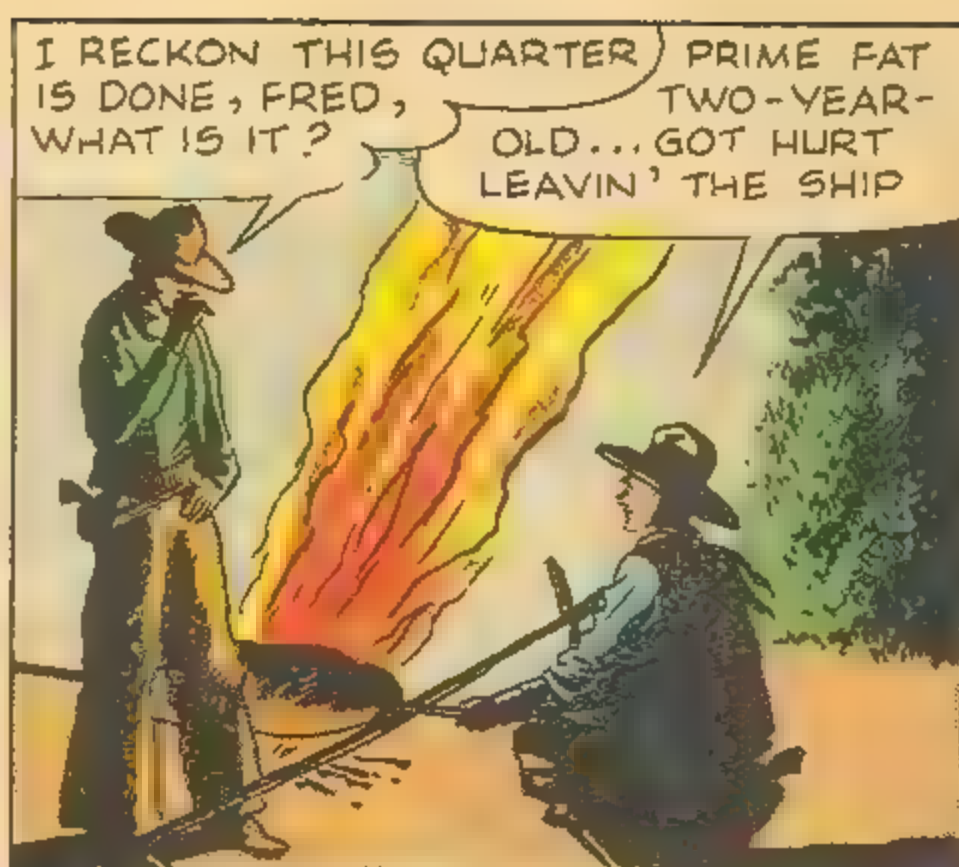






OH, BURY  
ME NO-O-OT...  
♫ ♫

...ON THE  
LO-O-ONE  
PRAIREEEE  
♫

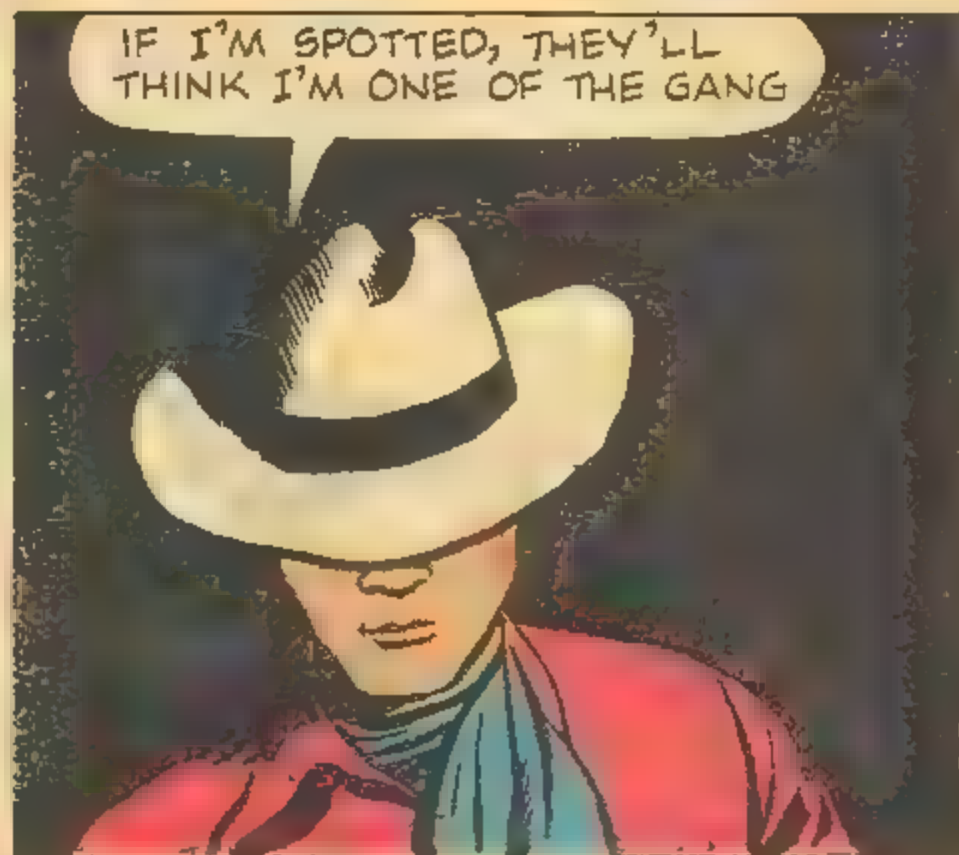


I RECKON THIS QUARTER  
IS DONE, FRED,  
WHAT IS IT?

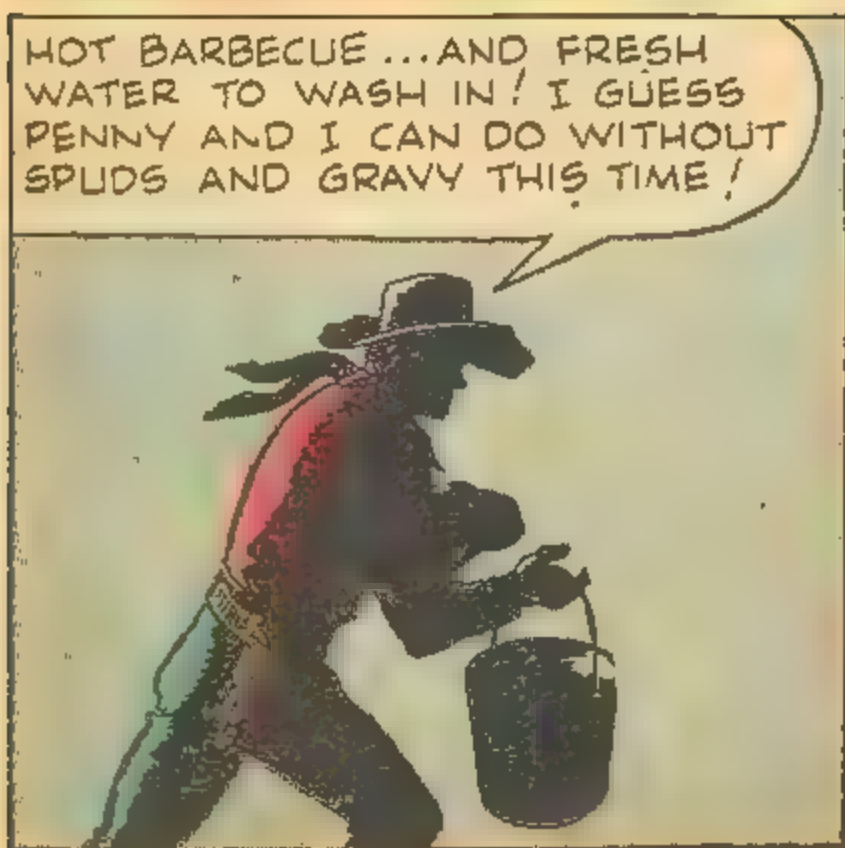
PRIME FAT  
TWO-YEAR-  
OLD... GOT HURT  
LEAVIN' THE SHIP



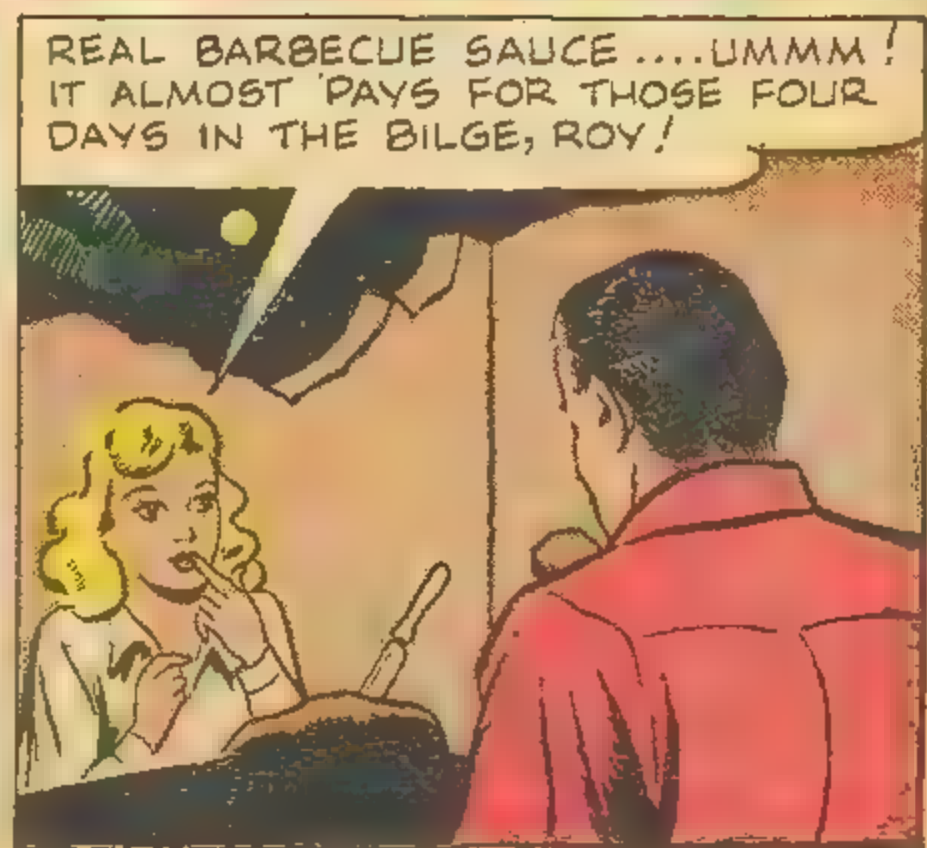
THE SPLDS AIN'T  
DONE YET...WE'LL  
HAVE TO WAIT



IF I'M SPOTTED, THEY'LL  
THINK I'M ONE OF THE GANG

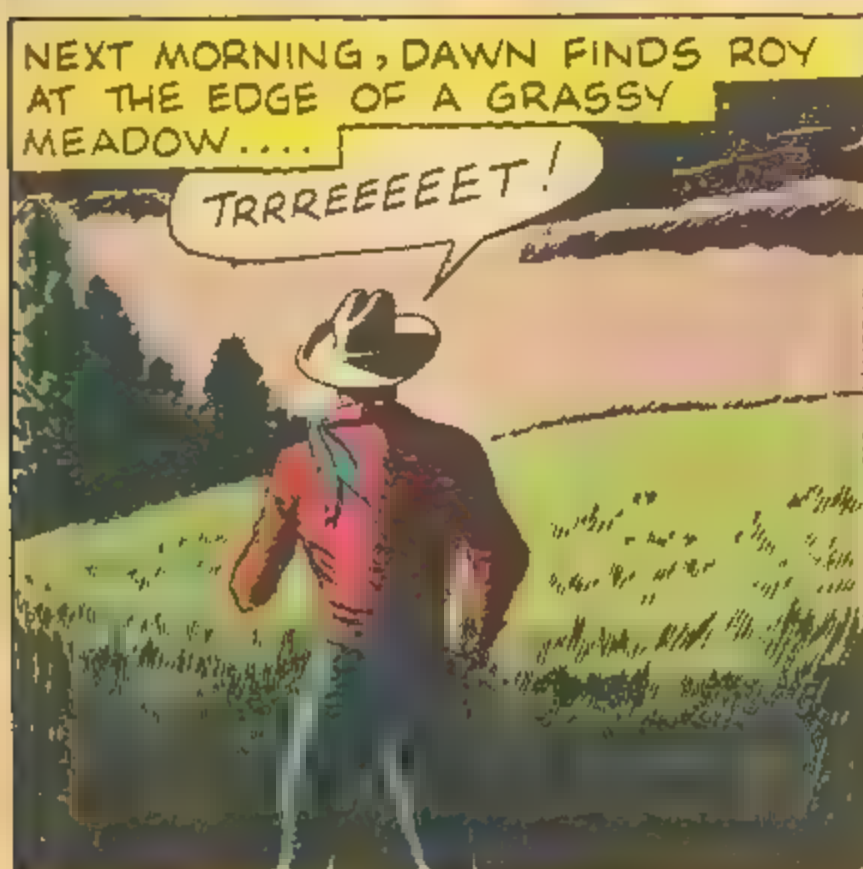
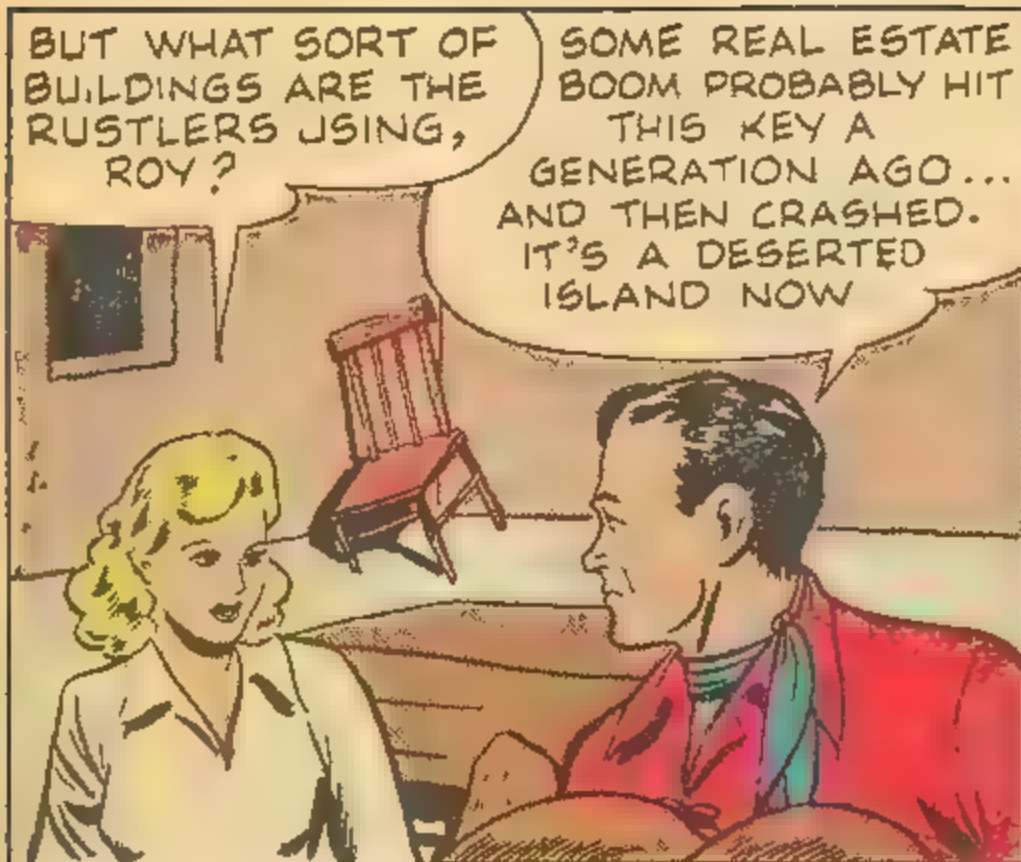


HOT BARBECUE...AND FRESH  
WATER TO WASH IN! I GUESS  
PENNY AND I CAN DO WITHOUT  
SPLDS AND GRAVY THIS TIME!



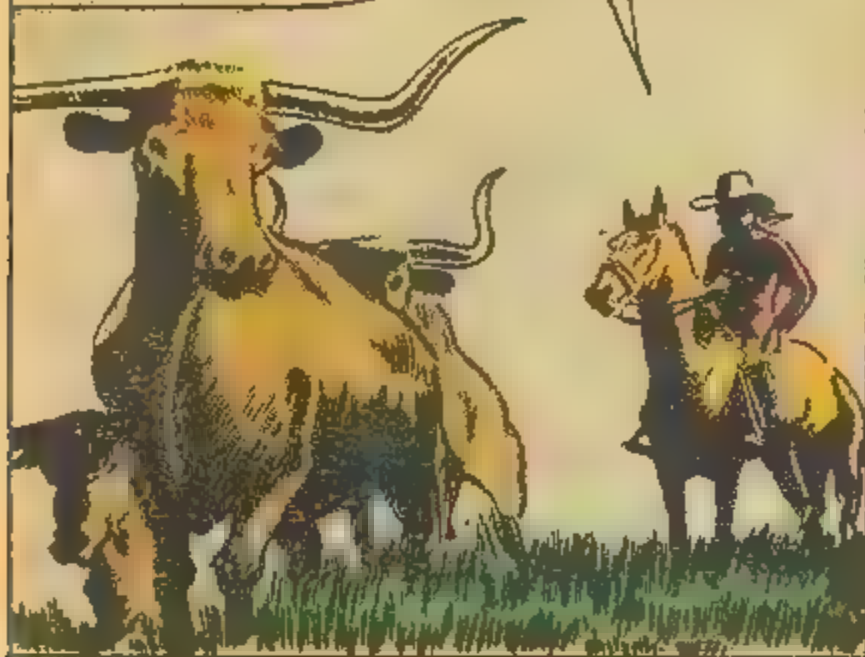
REAL BARBECUE SAUCE....UMMM!  
IT ALMOST PAYS FOR THOSE FOUR  
DAYS IN THE BILGE, ROY!



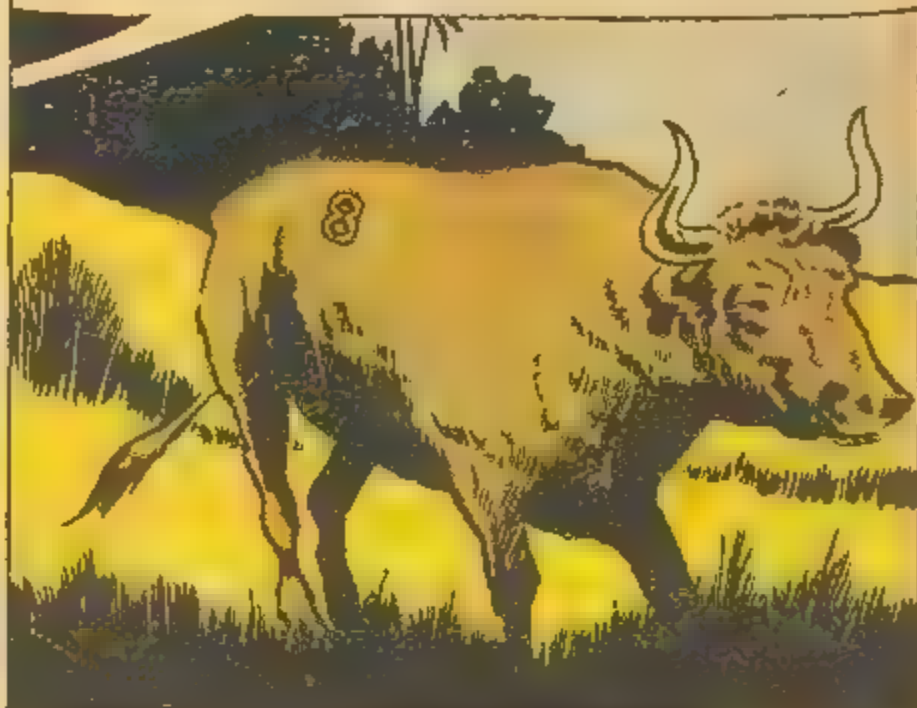




JUST AS I THOUGHT...THOSE  
CATTLE HAVE HAD THEIR BRANDS  
CHANGED! AND SOME AREN'T  
HEALED YET



THERE'S A DIAMOND B HEREFORD,  
RE-BRANDED TO A DIAMOND 8  
DIAMOND. MIGHTY CLEVER WORK!



HERE'S ANOTHER BUNCH. I'VE  
COUNTED SIX HUNDRED HEAD,  
ALL PRIME BREEDING STOCK,  
WITH BRANDS CHANGED...



.... BESIDES THE BUNCH THEY  
LANDED LAST NIGHT...WHOA-UP!  
THAT WAS A SHOT!



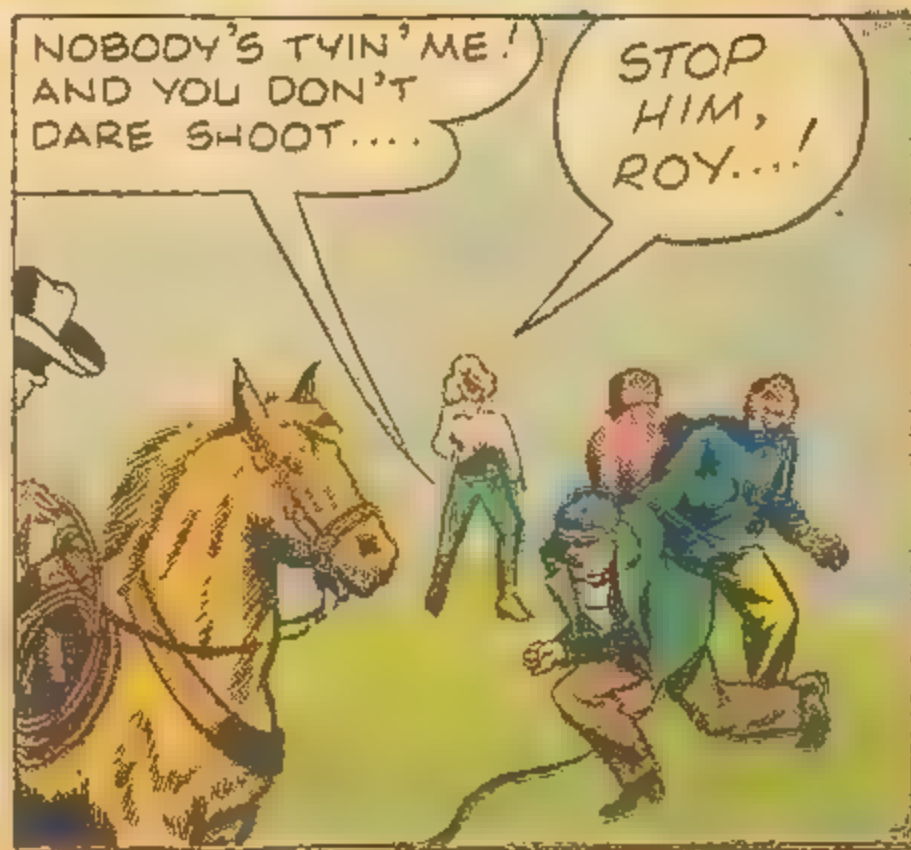
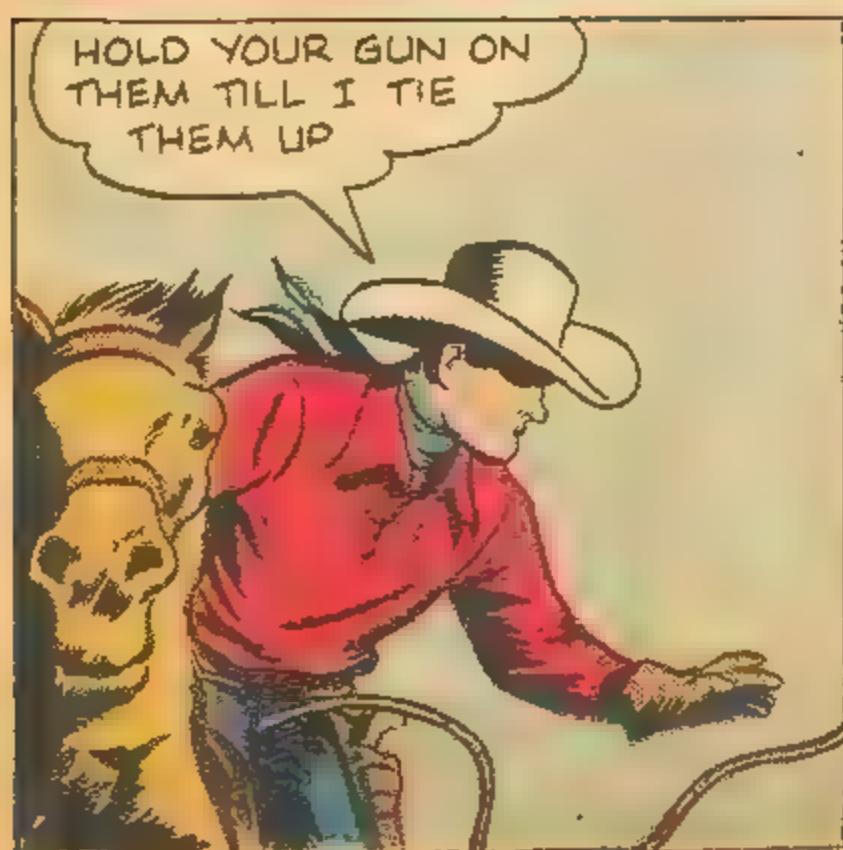
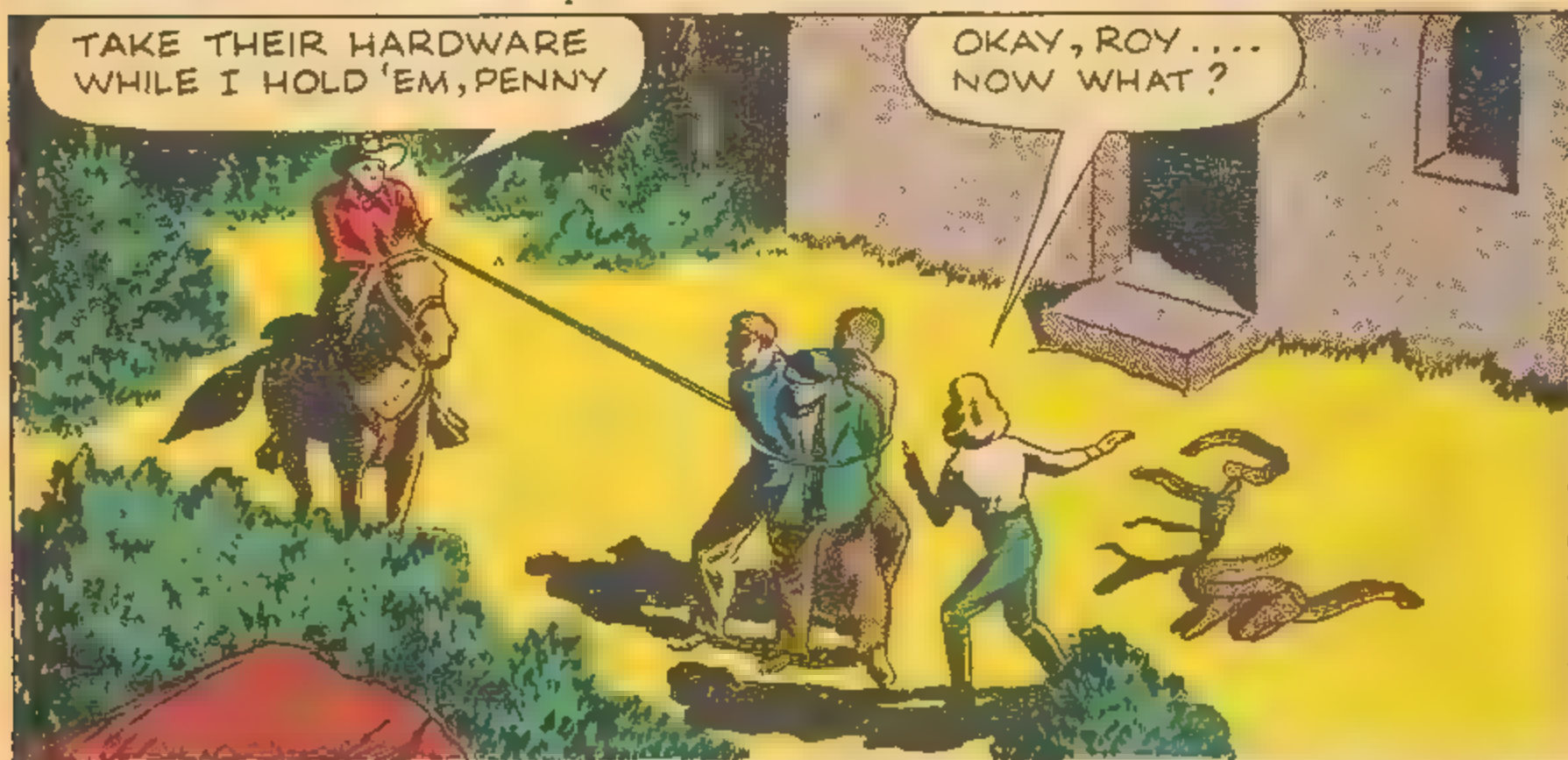
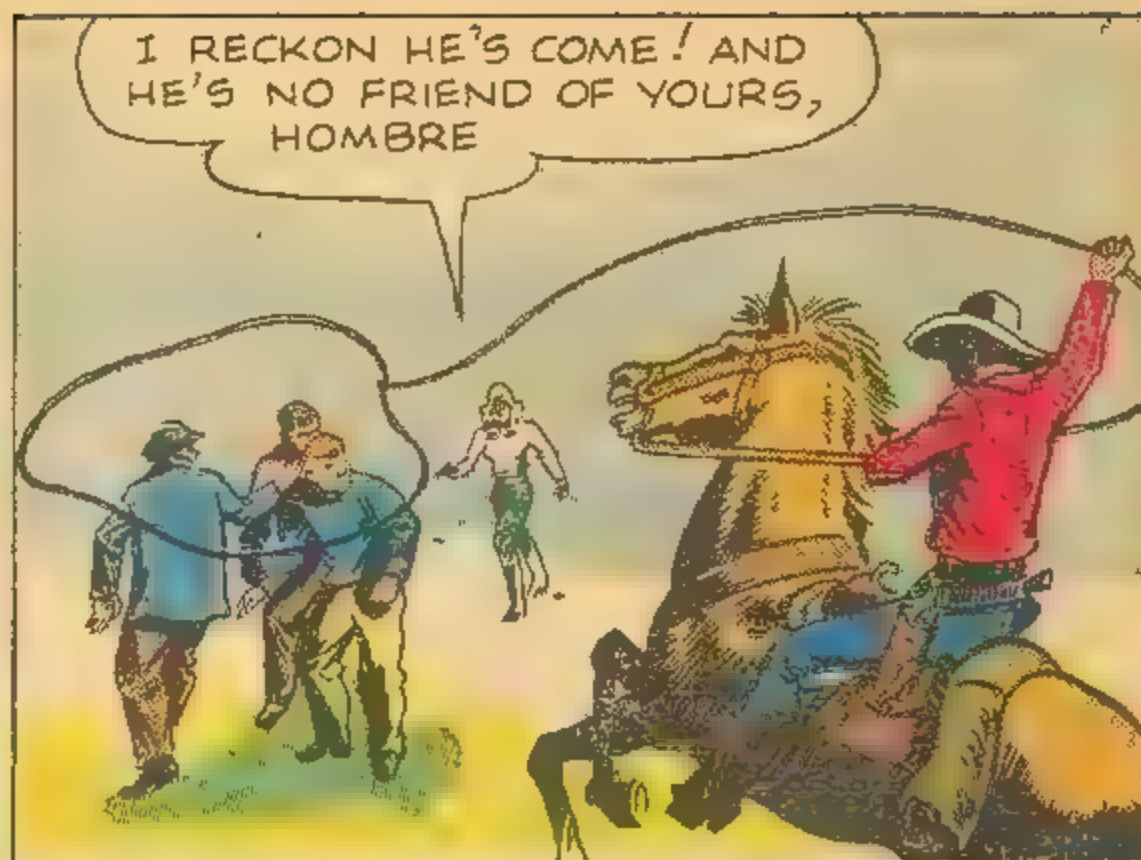
AND IT CAME FROM  
PENNY'S DIRECTION!



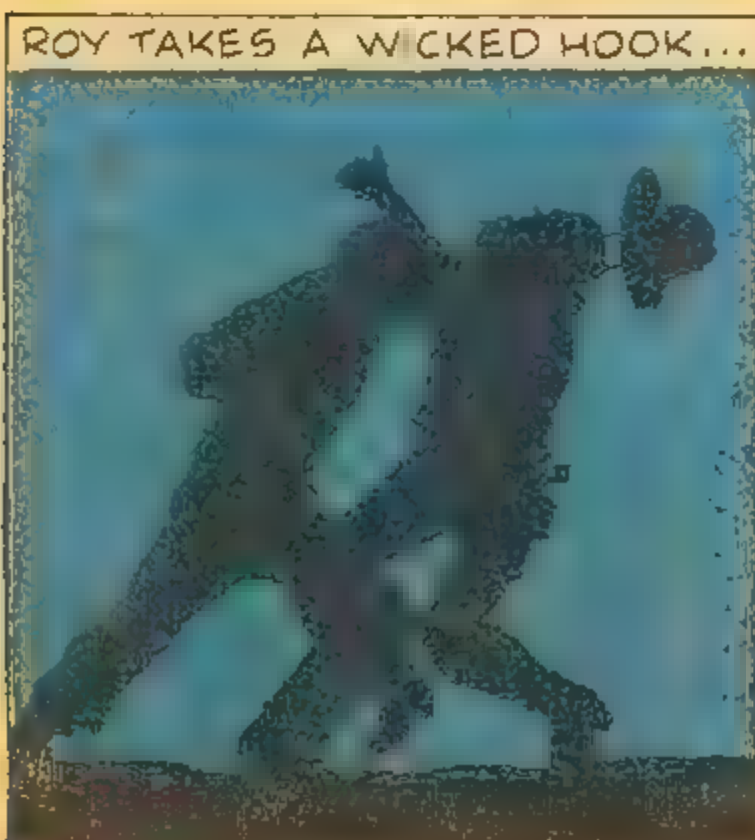
SHUCK YOUR GUNS, YOU KYOTES!  
MY NEXT BULLET WILL LAND  
PLUMB CENTER



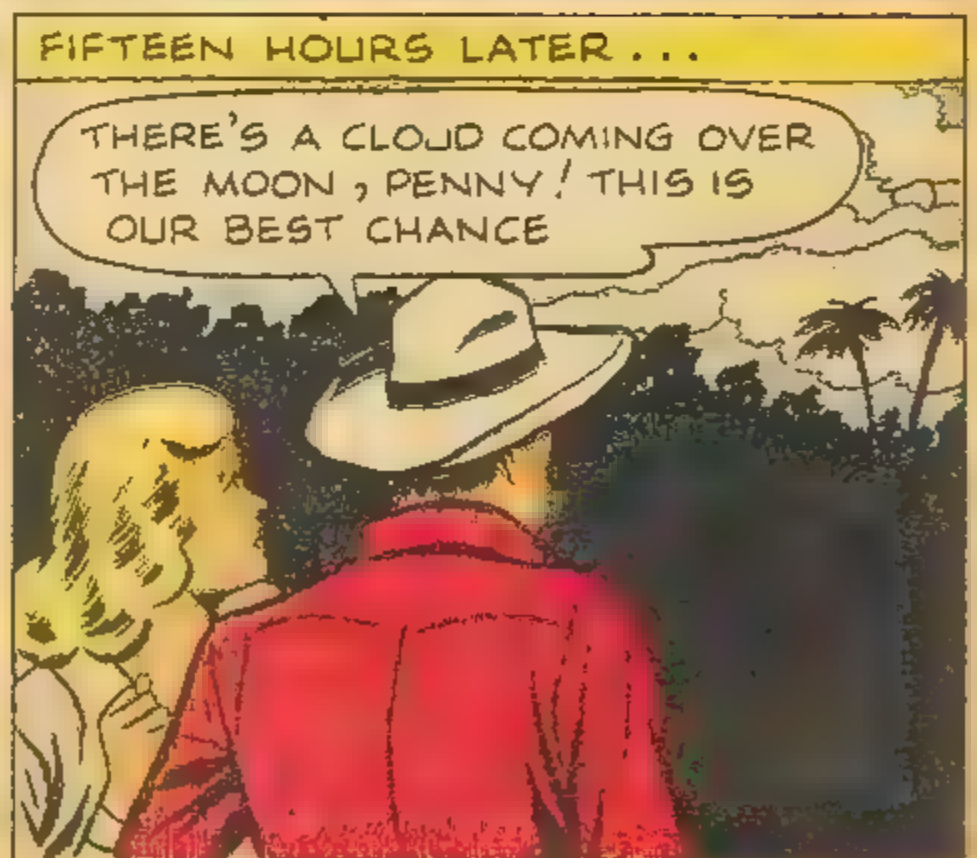
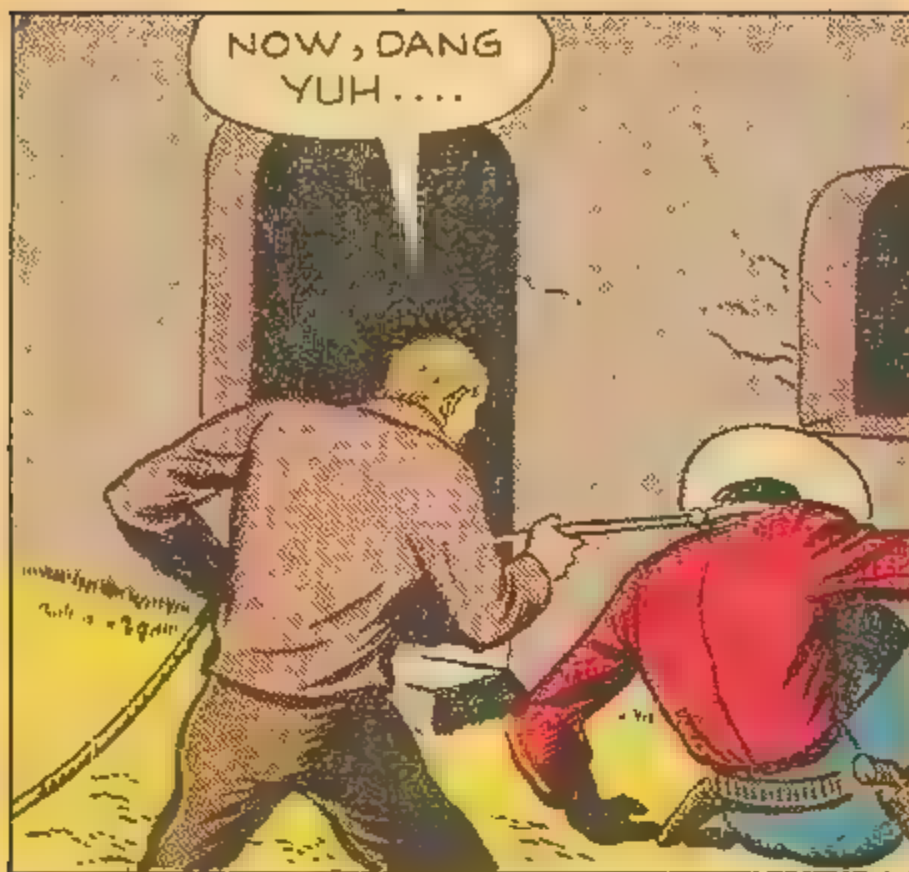








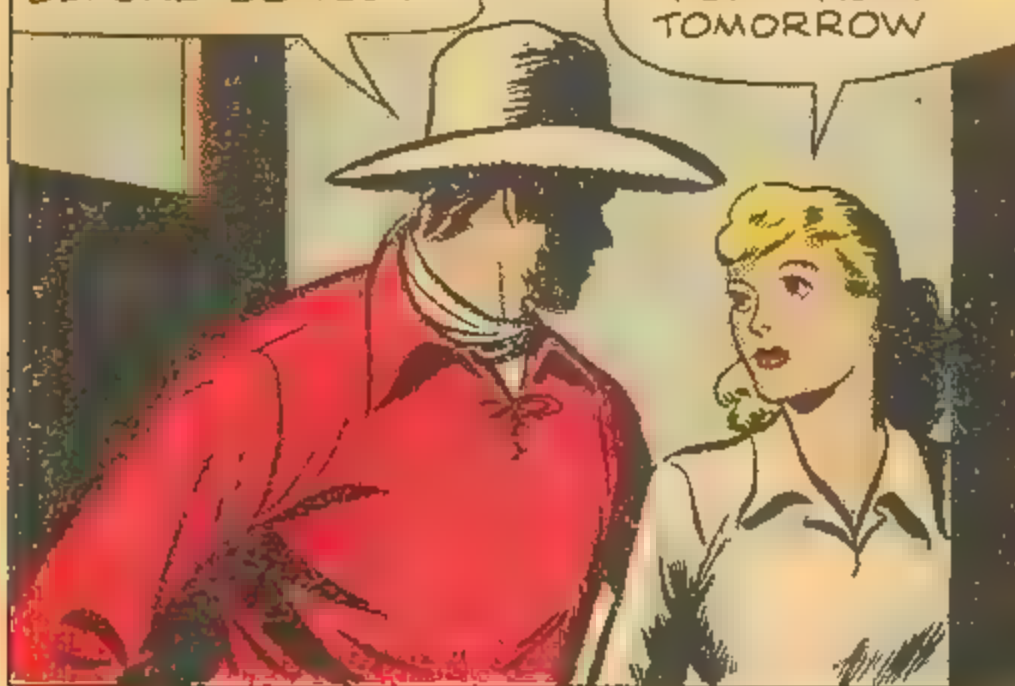






THE GANG HAS MISSED  
OUR PRISONERS ALREADY  
...I HEARD MEN CALLING  
BEFORE SUNSET

YES...THEY'LL  
BE SEARCHING  
THE ISLAND  
FOR THEM  
TOMORROW

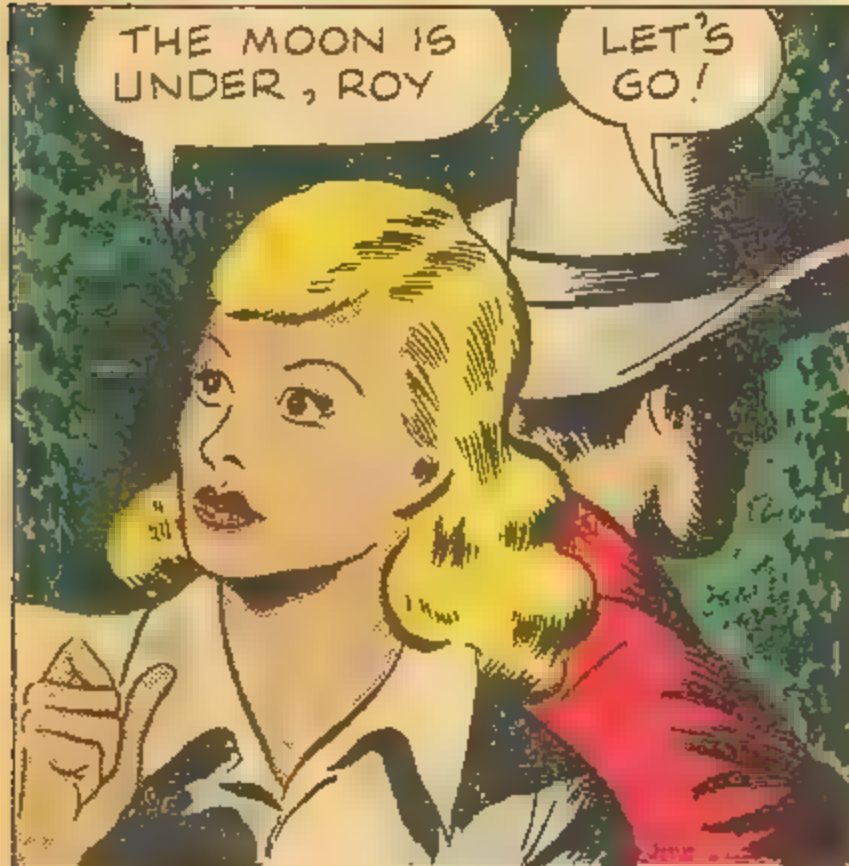


NOW WE'LL PLAY A LITTLE  
GAME OF "FOLLOW THE  
LEADER" JUST WATCH YOUR  
STEP, BOYS



THE MOON IS  
UNDER, ROY

LET'S  
GO!



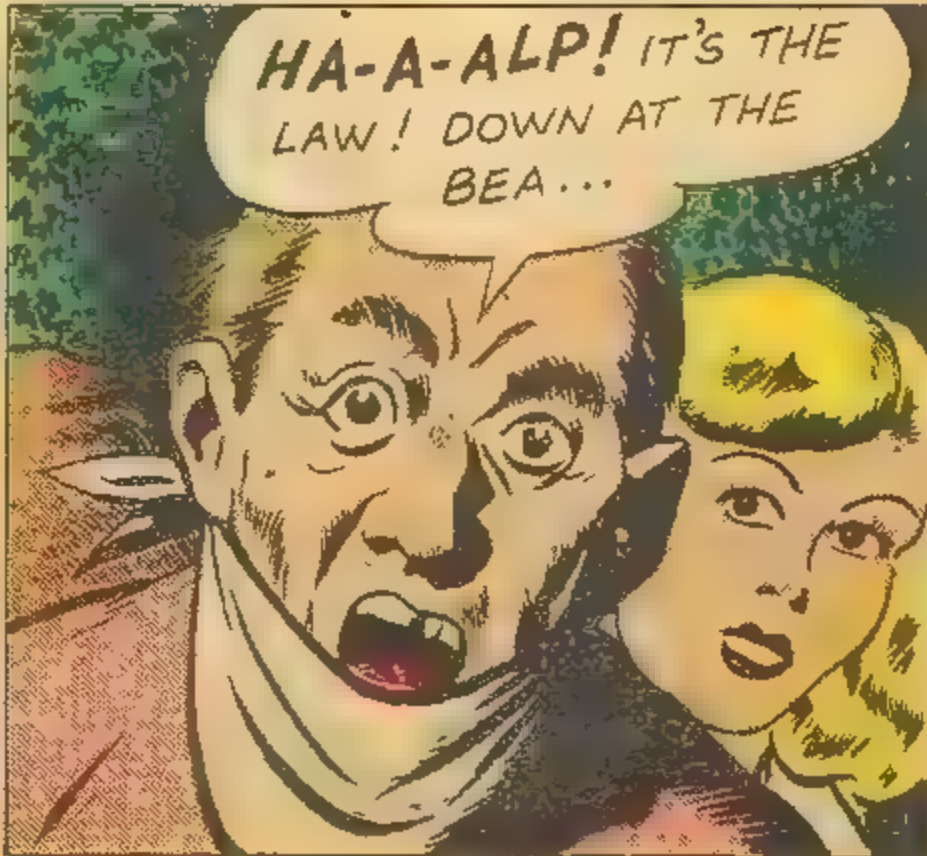
THERE'S THE MOTOR LAUNCH...  
BEACHED! FIVE OF US OUGHT  
TO SHOVE IT OFF...



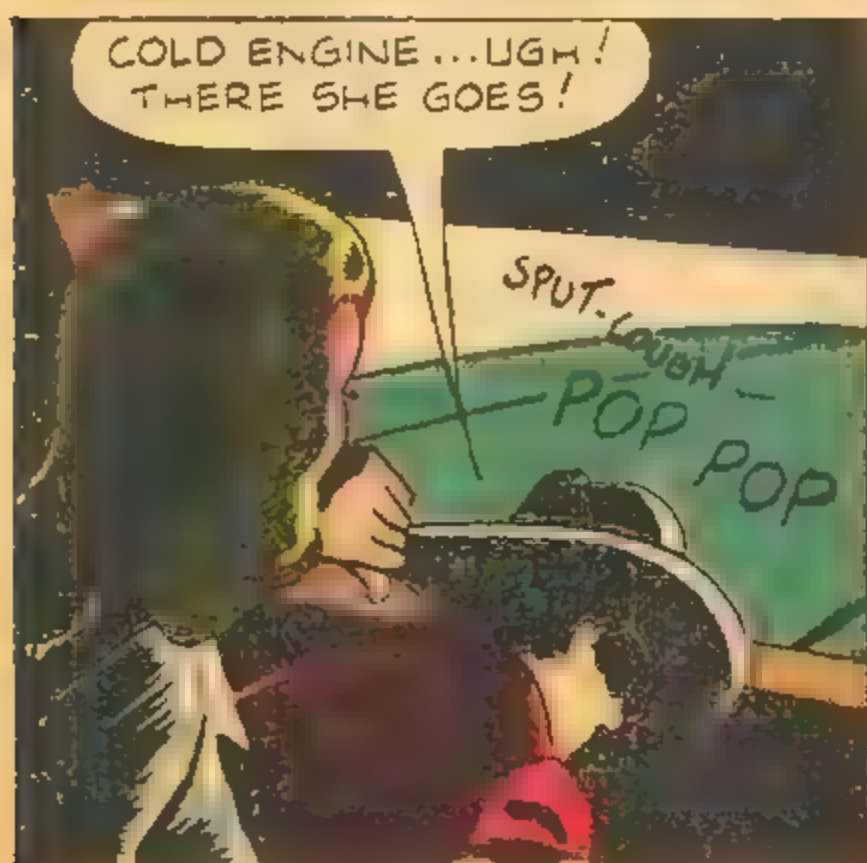
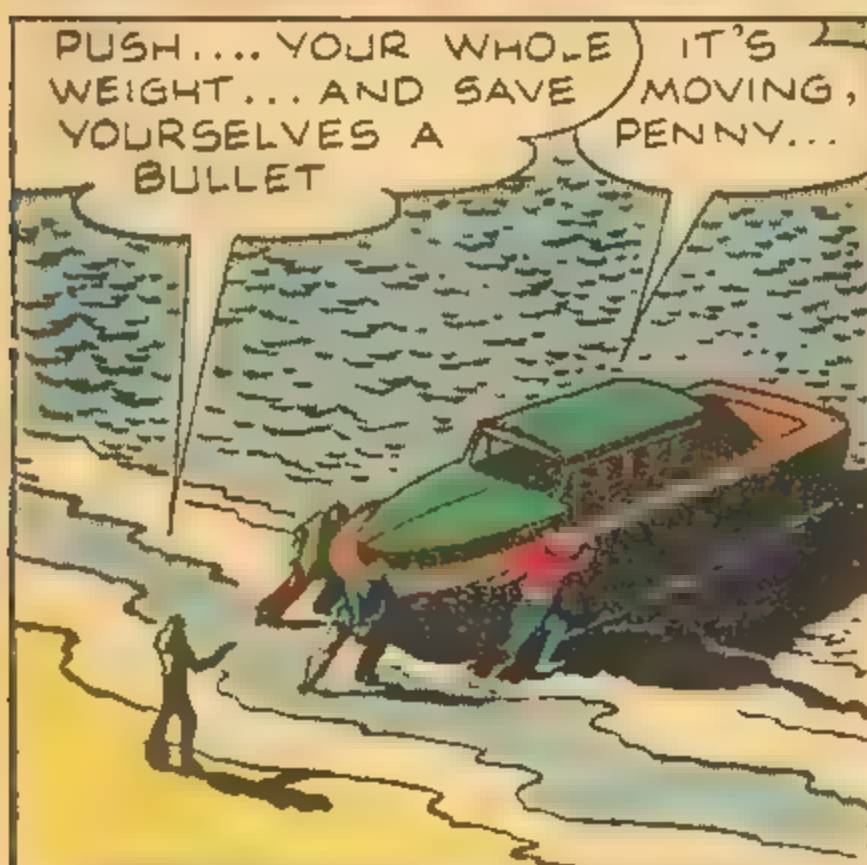
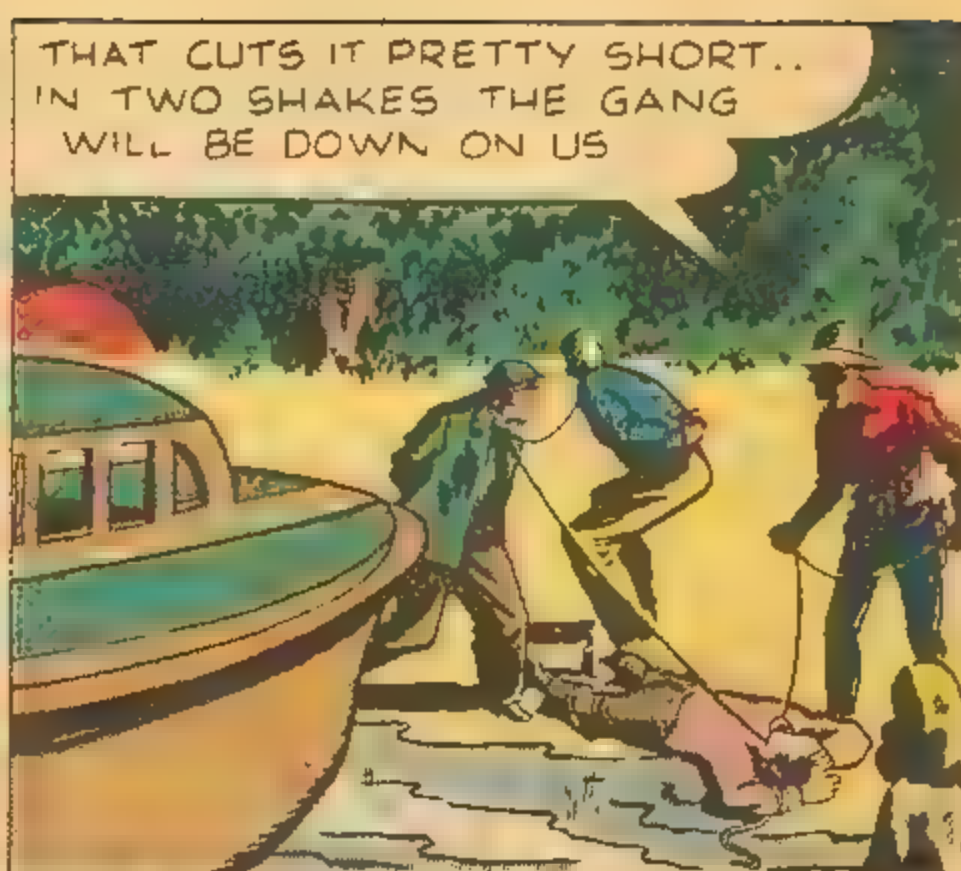
IN THE DARKNESS ONE PRISONER  
WORKS AT HIS GAG UNOBSERVED



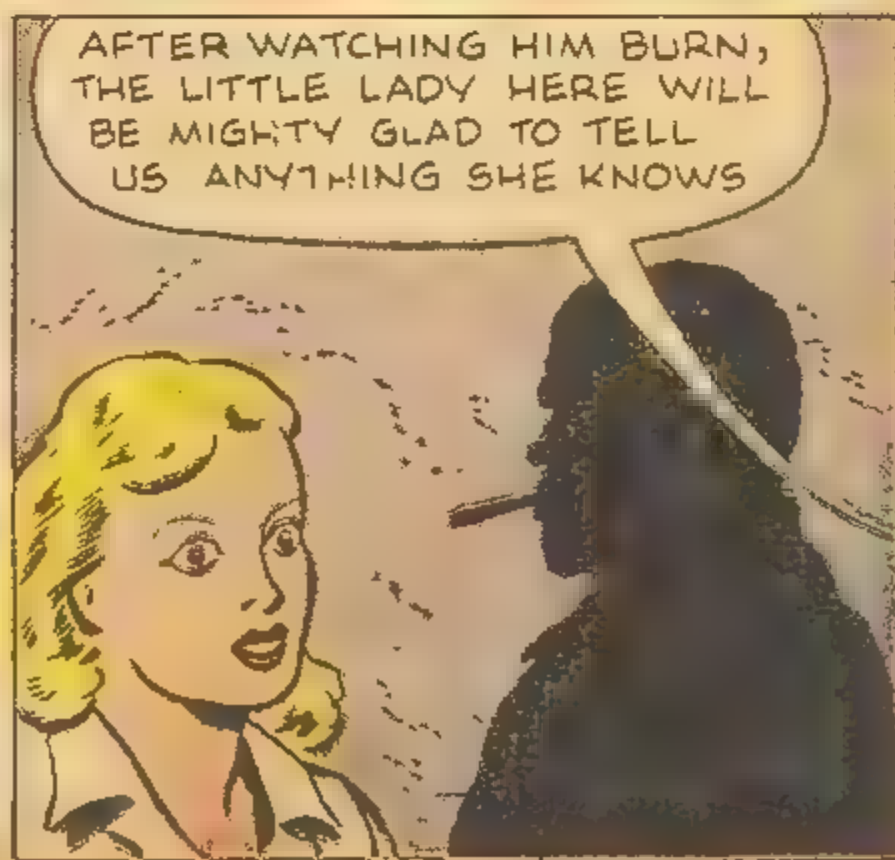
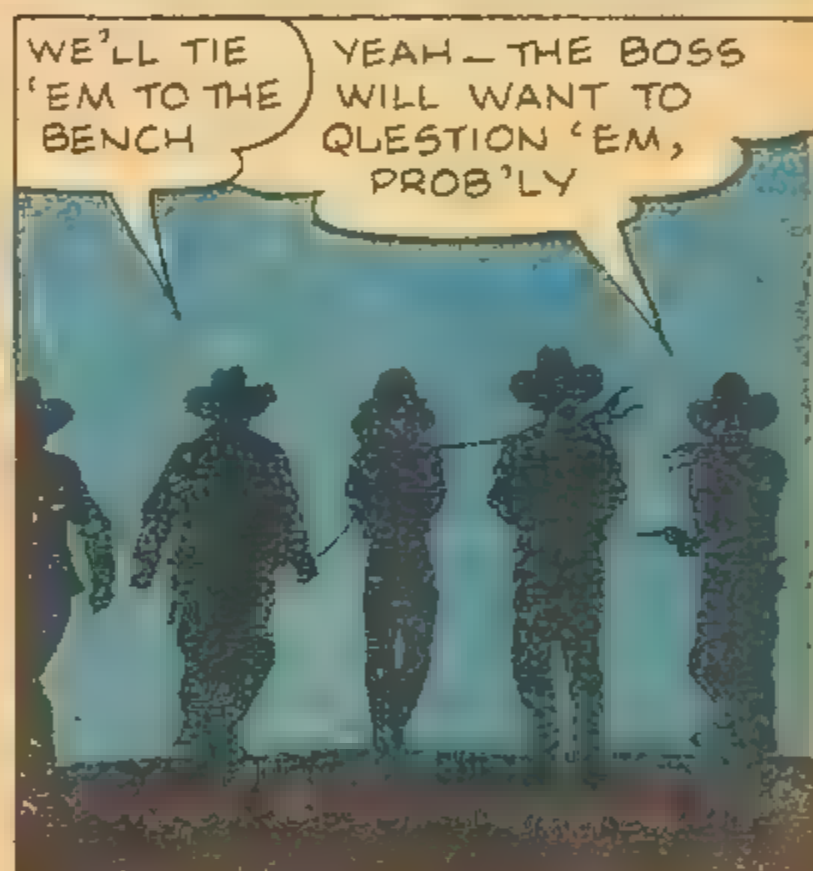
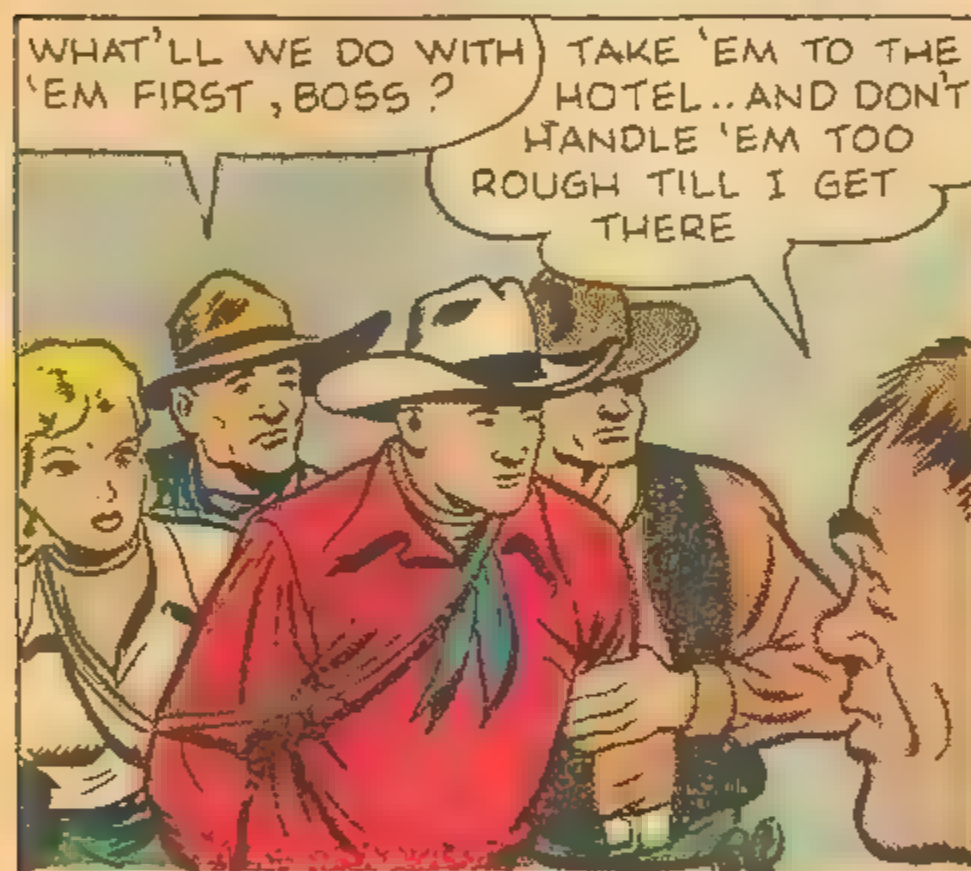
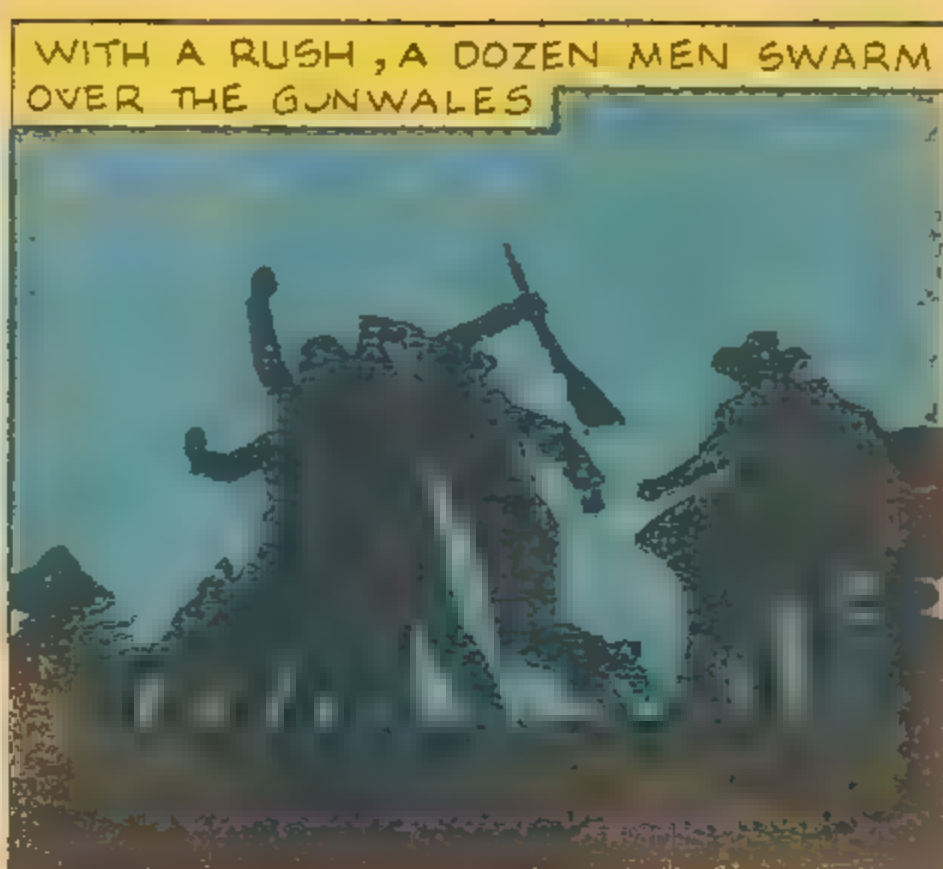
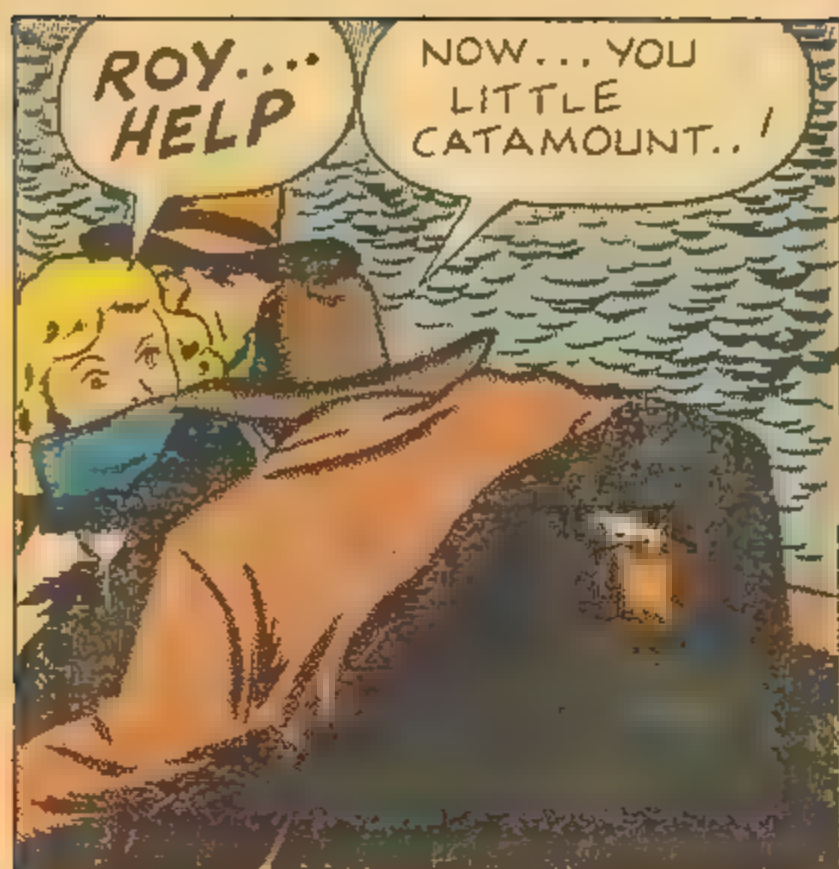
HA-A-ALP! IT'S THE  
LAW! DOWN AT THE  
BEA...



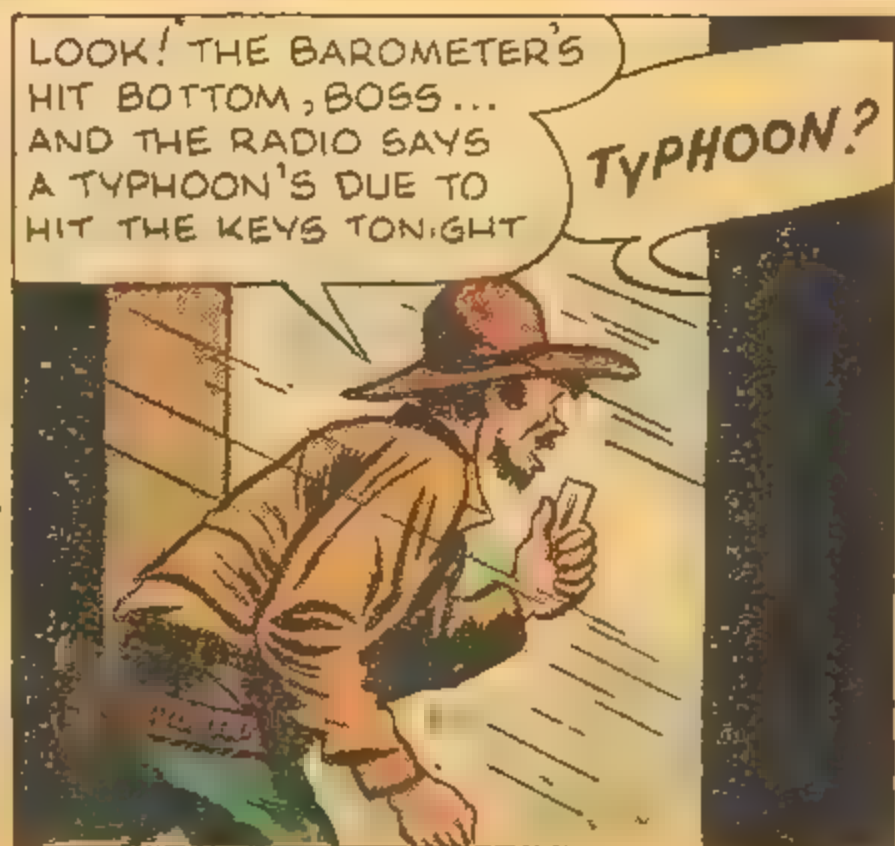
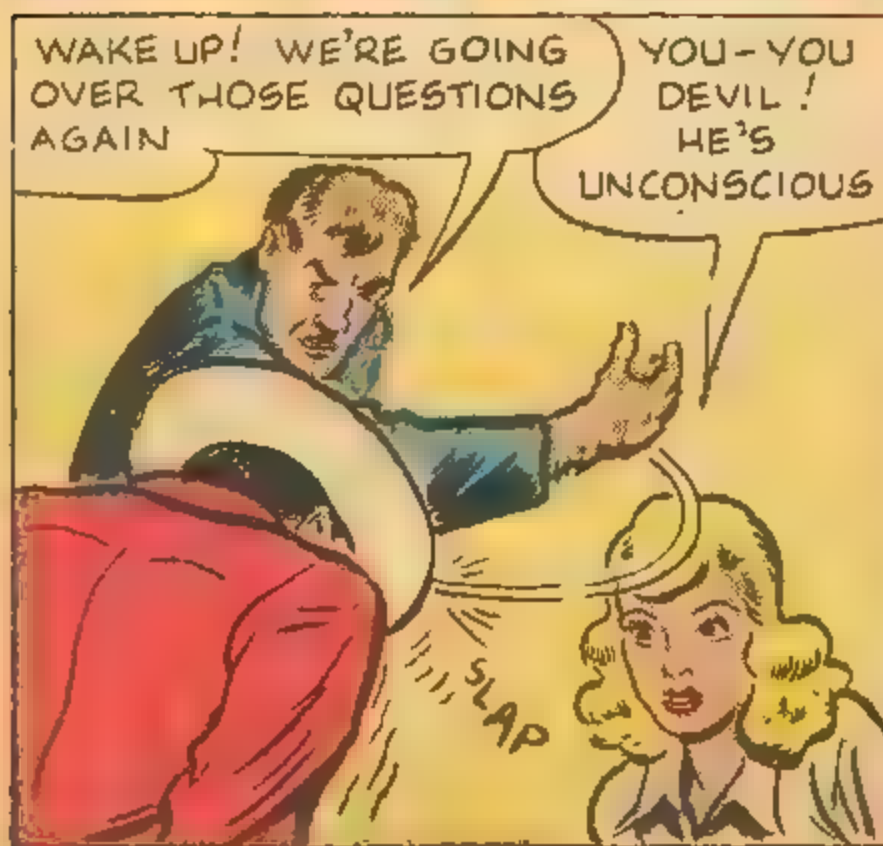
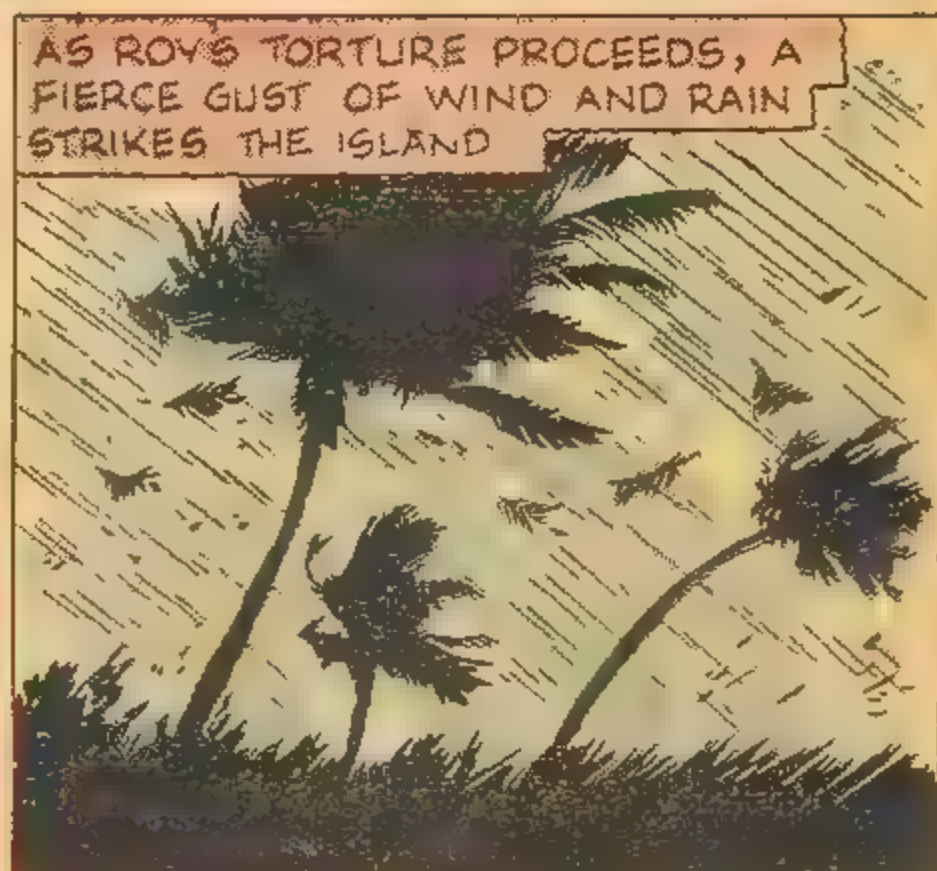
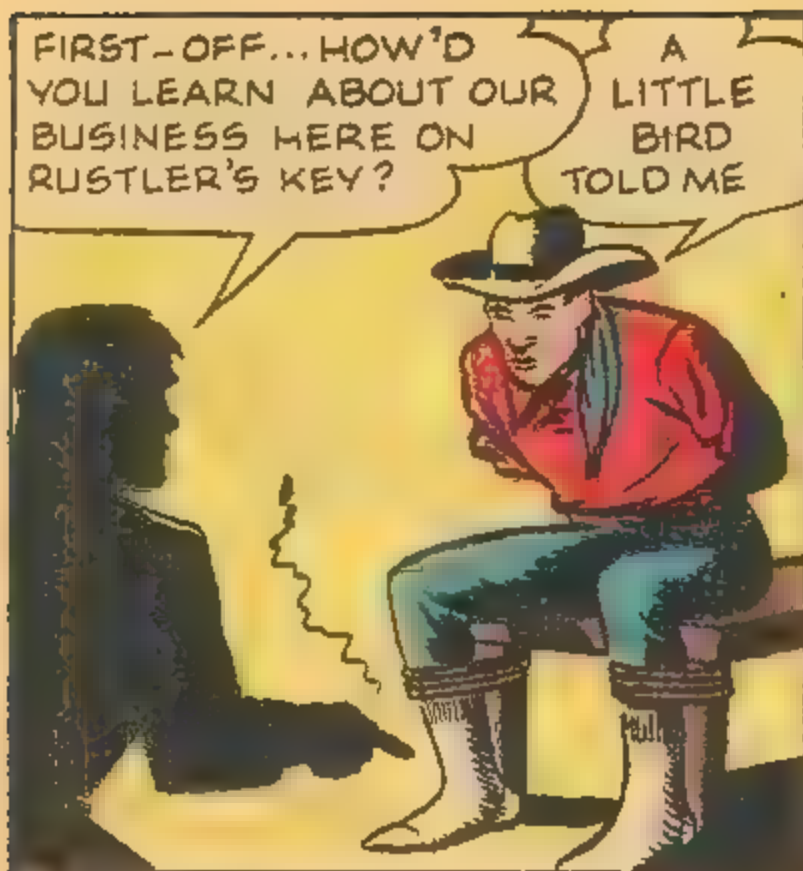










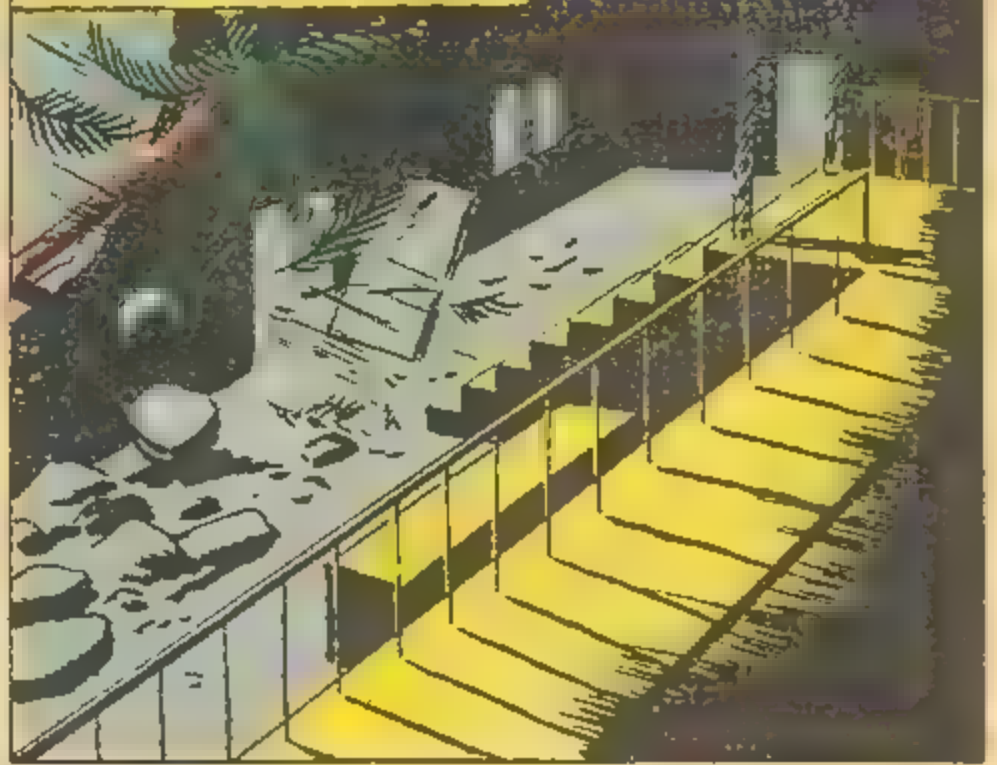




AS IF IN ANSWER A TERRIFIC  
GLST HITS THE KEY



WIND AND A BROKEN PALM TREE  
CRASH THE LOBBY



THE JUNGLE QUIVERS TO THE  
POUNDING OF MIGHTY SEAS



THE WHOLE ISLAND'LL  
BE UNDER WATER

THE  
LAUNCH!  
GET TO THE  
LAUNCH!



A TORRENT OF RAIN FLOODS THE  
LOBBY, AS THE GAS FLARES BLOW OUT

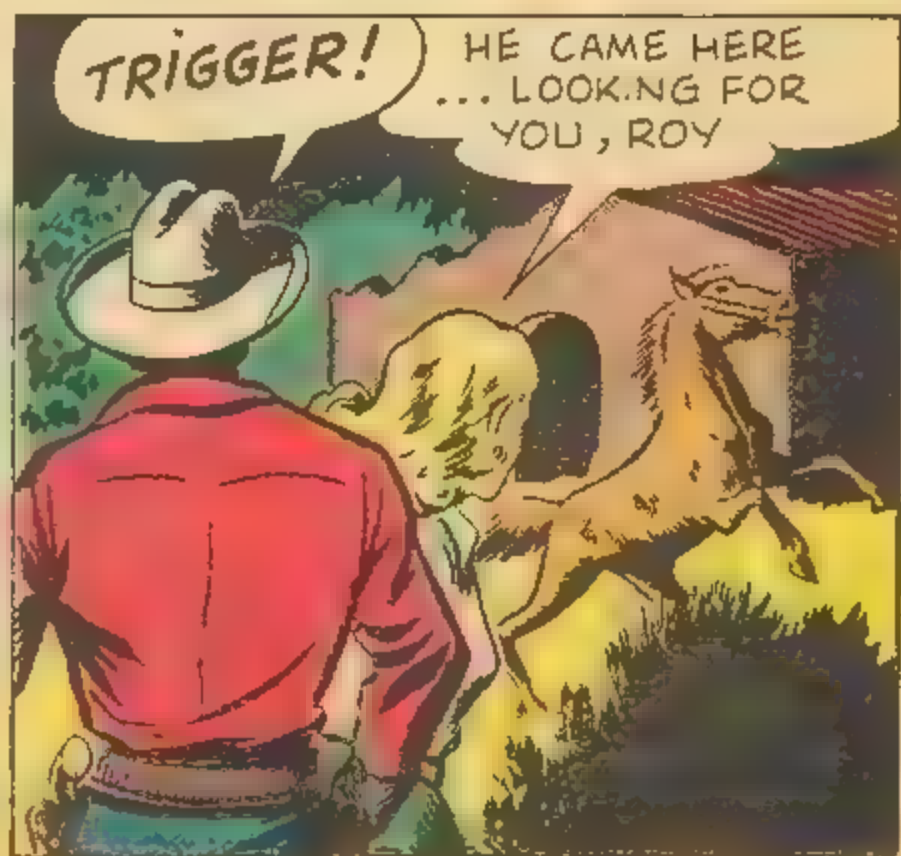
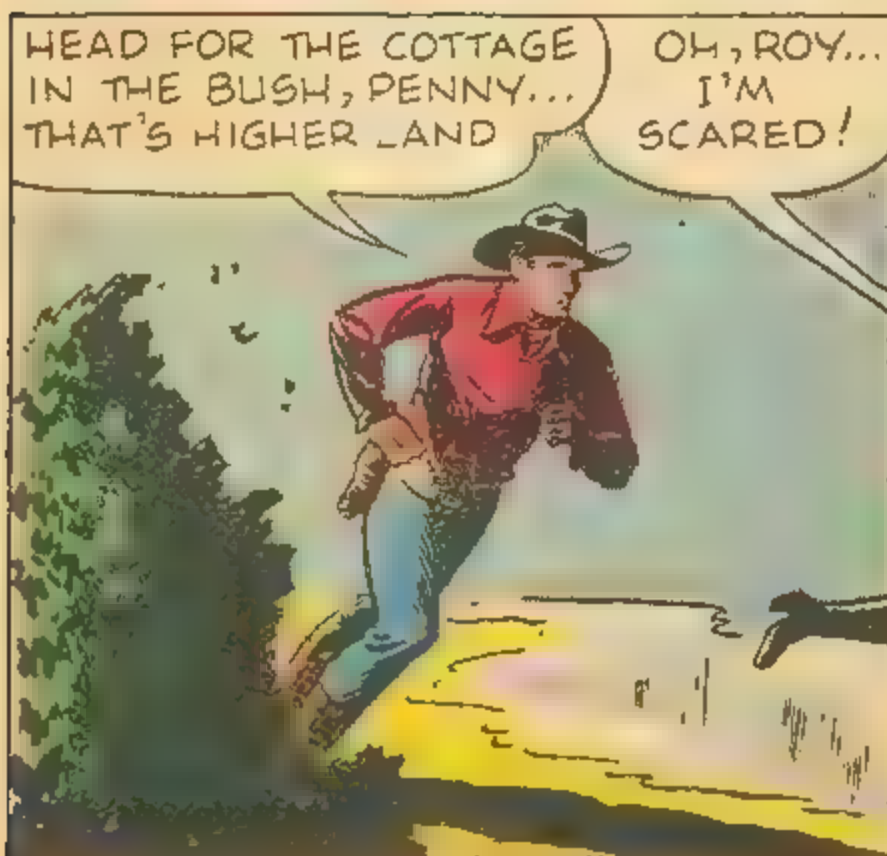
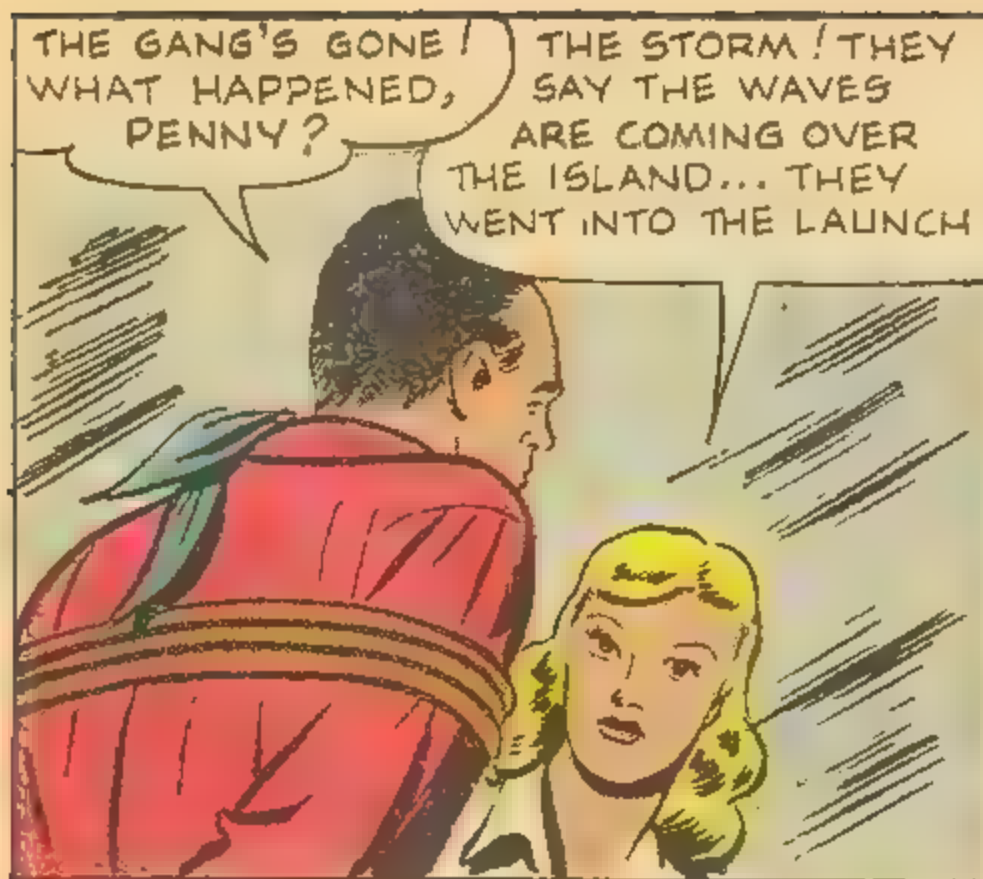


UGH.. WATER! WE'VE  
GOT.. GOT TO SWIM  
FOR IT, PENNY!

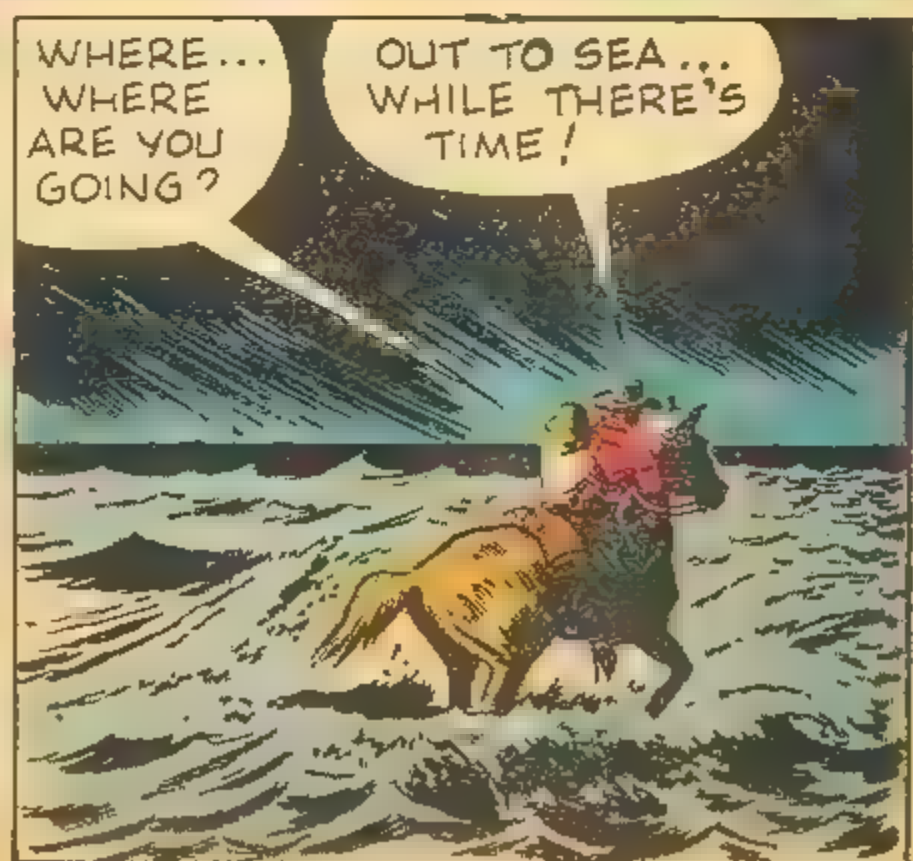
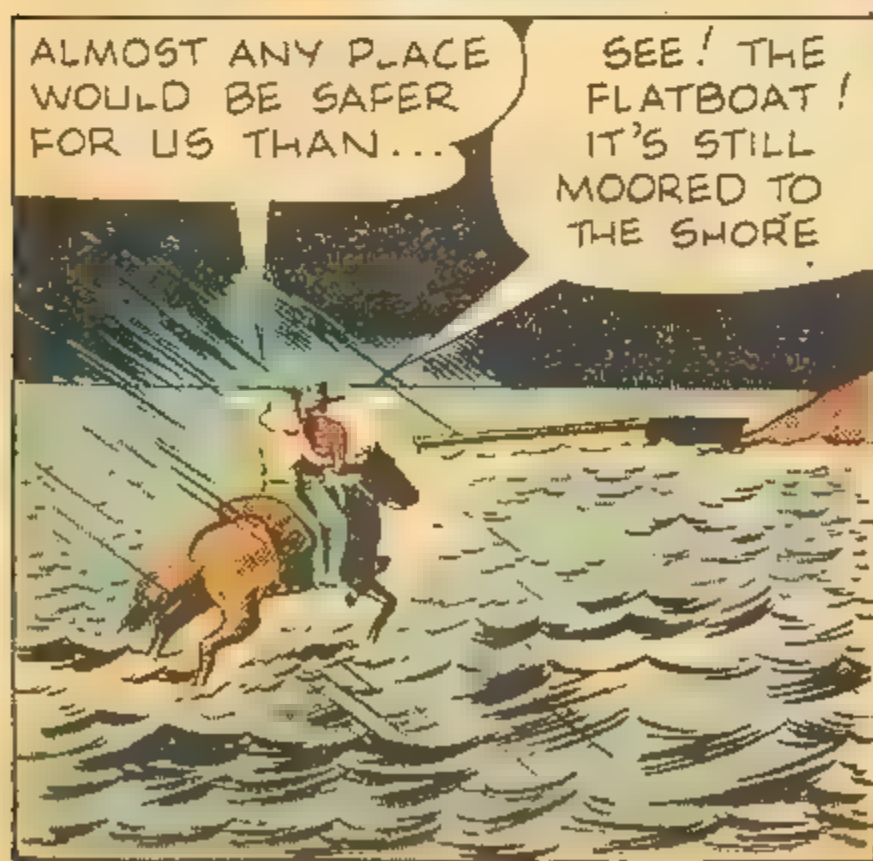
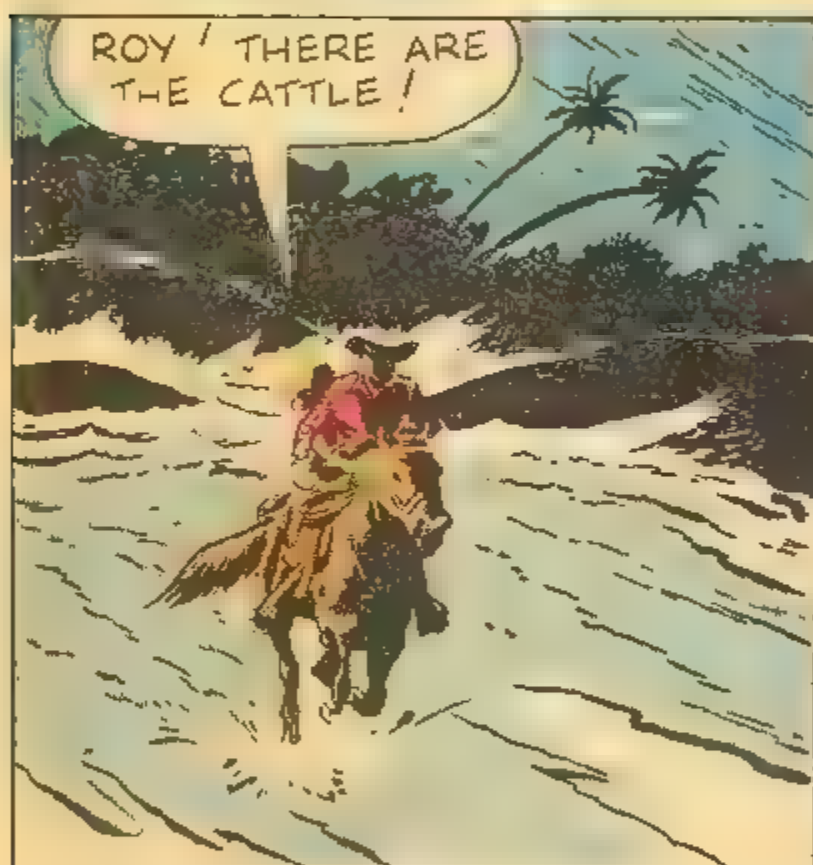
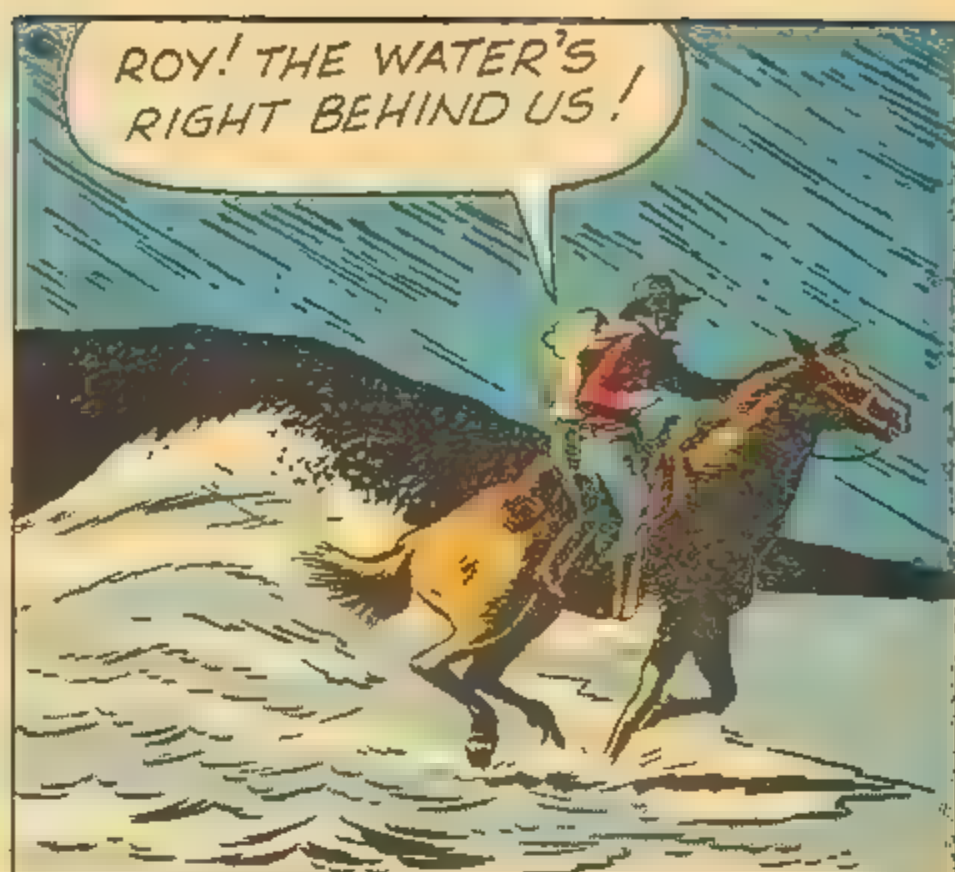
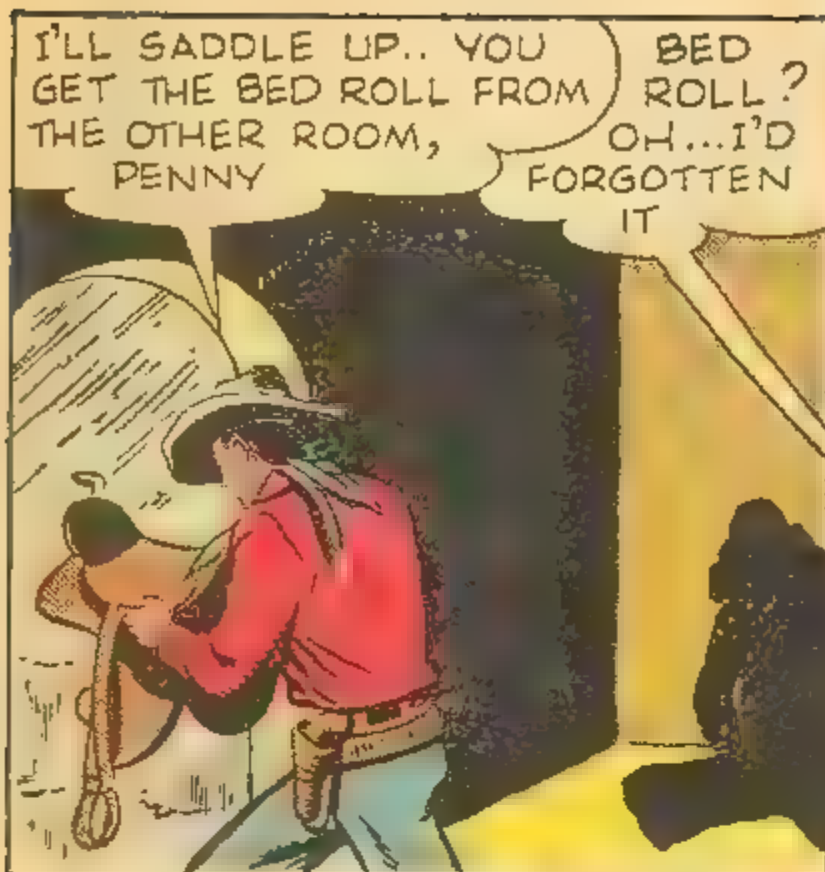
ROY! OH~  
I THOUGHT...  
I WAS AFRAID  
YOU WERE....



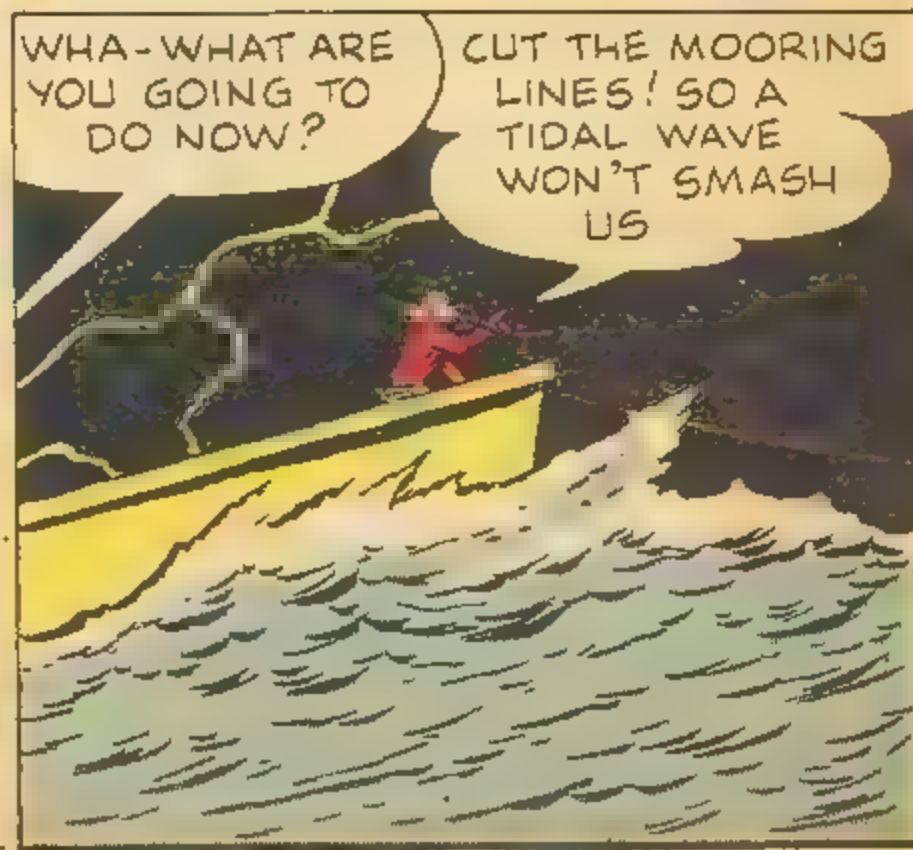
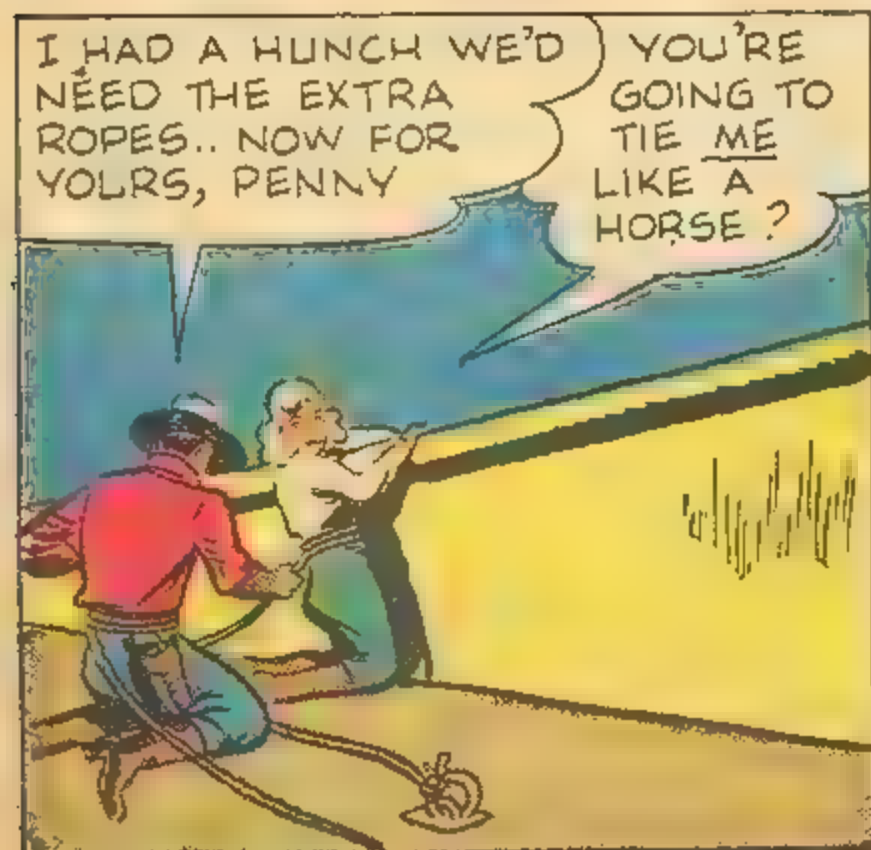
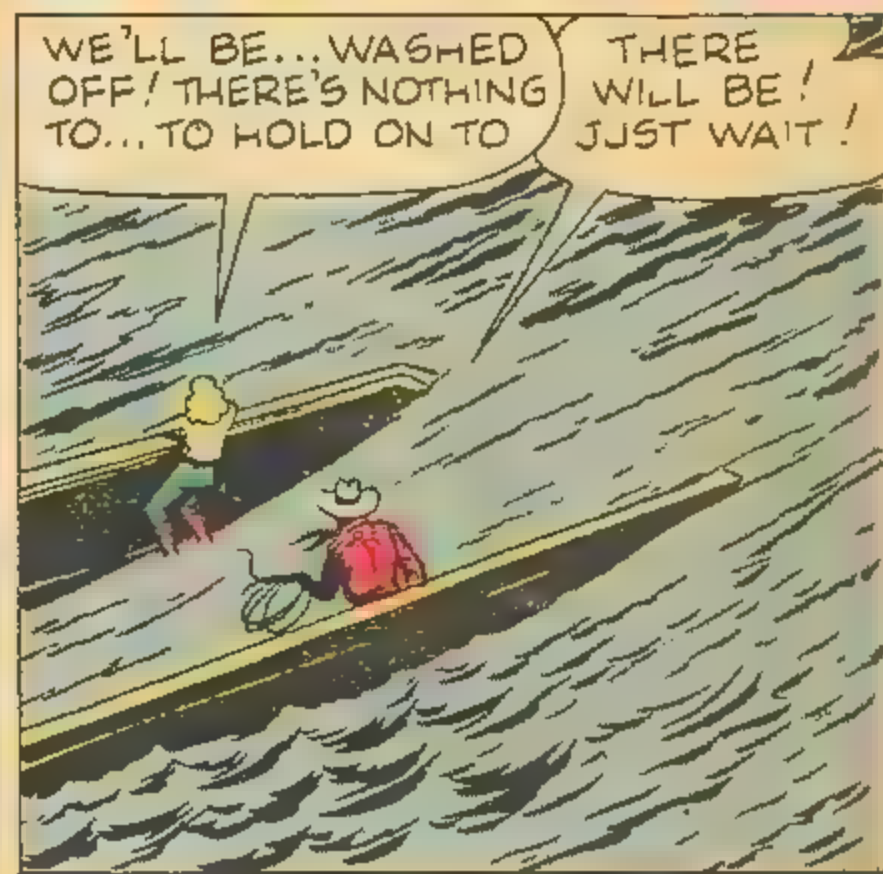
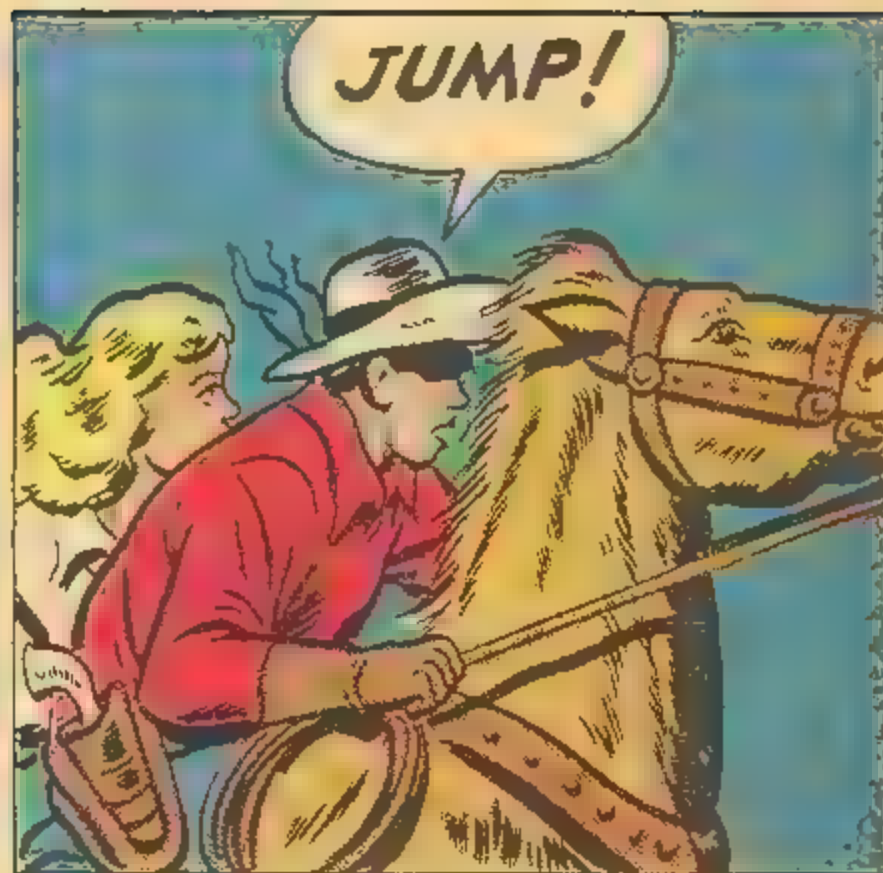
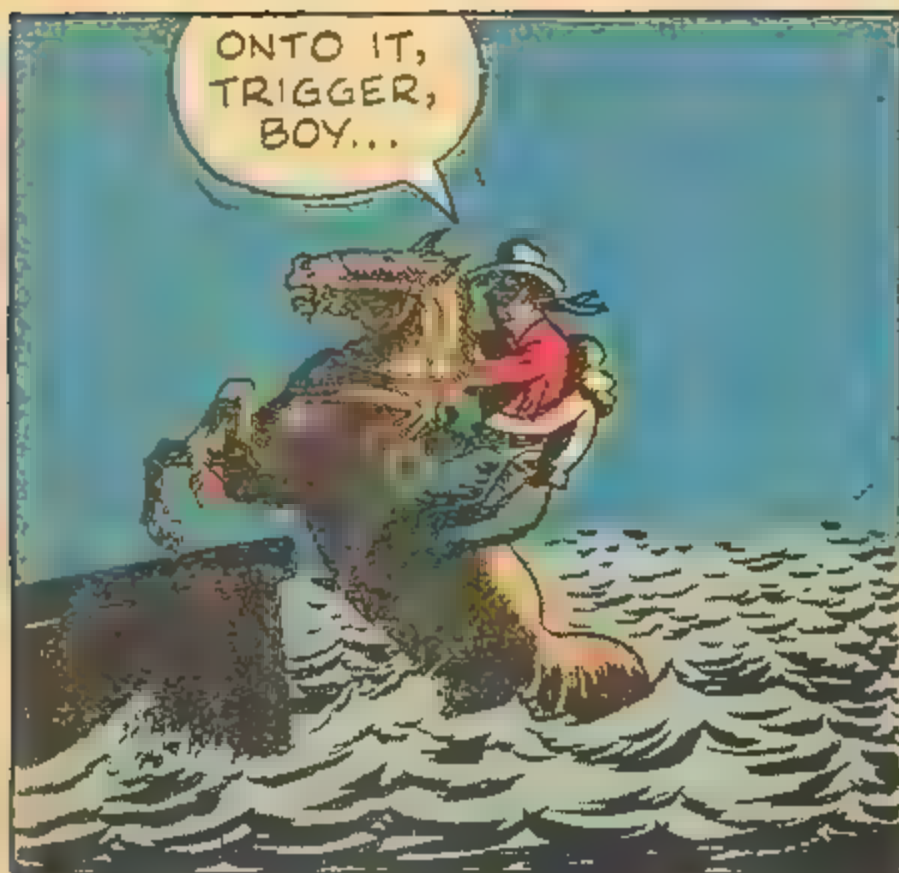




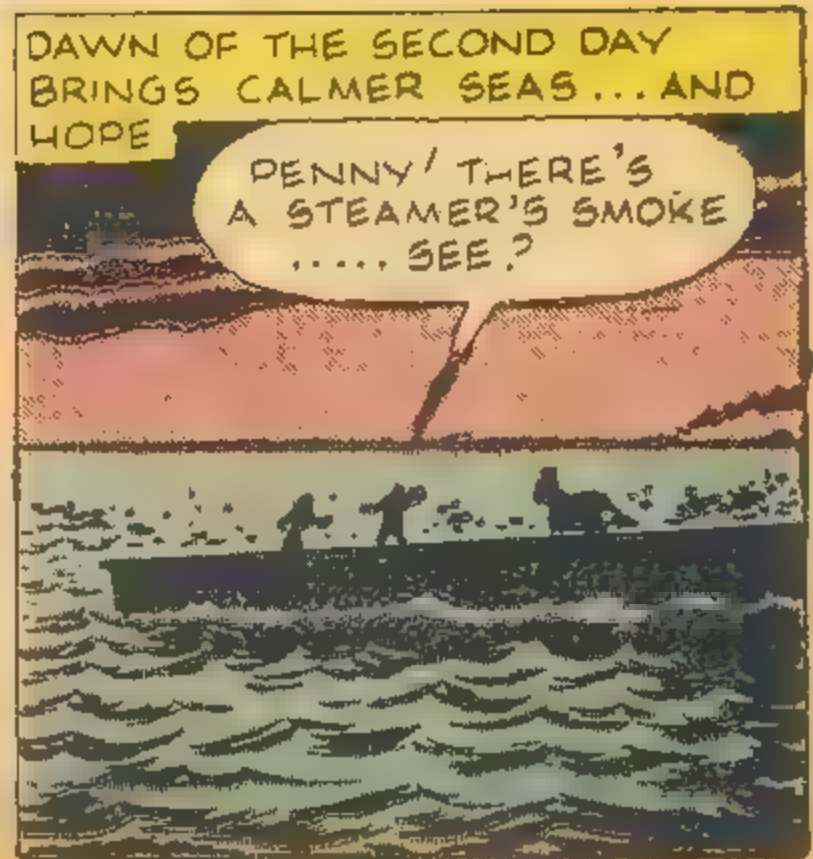
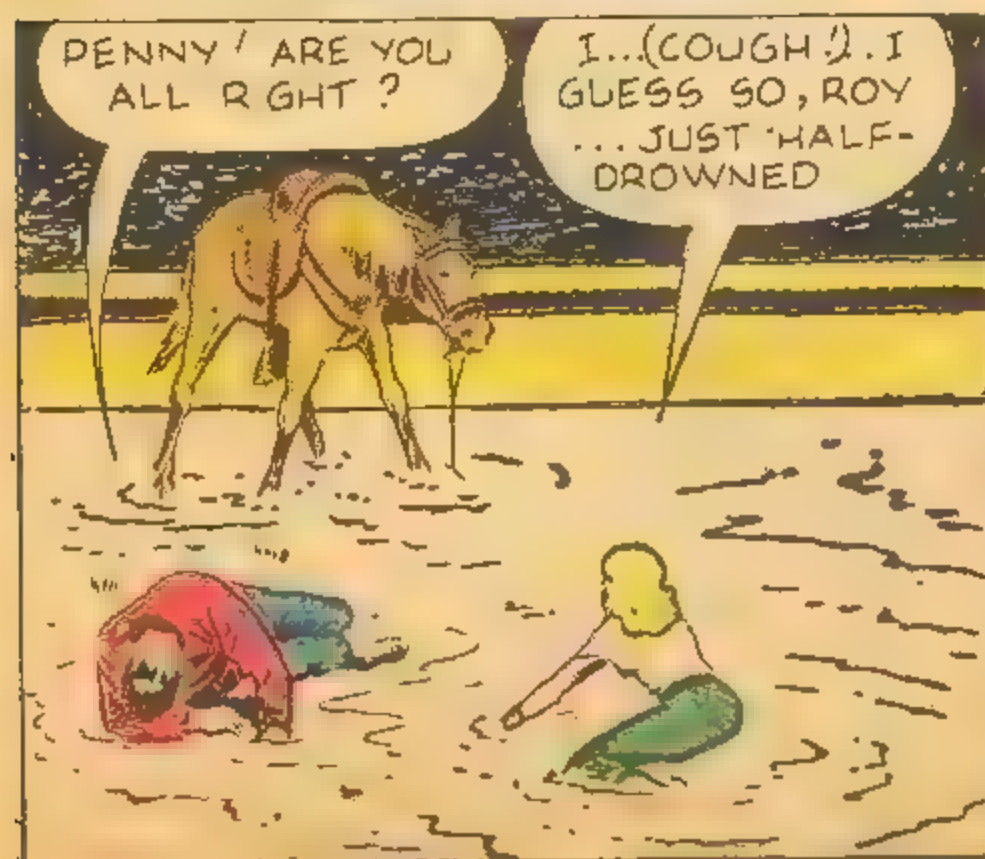
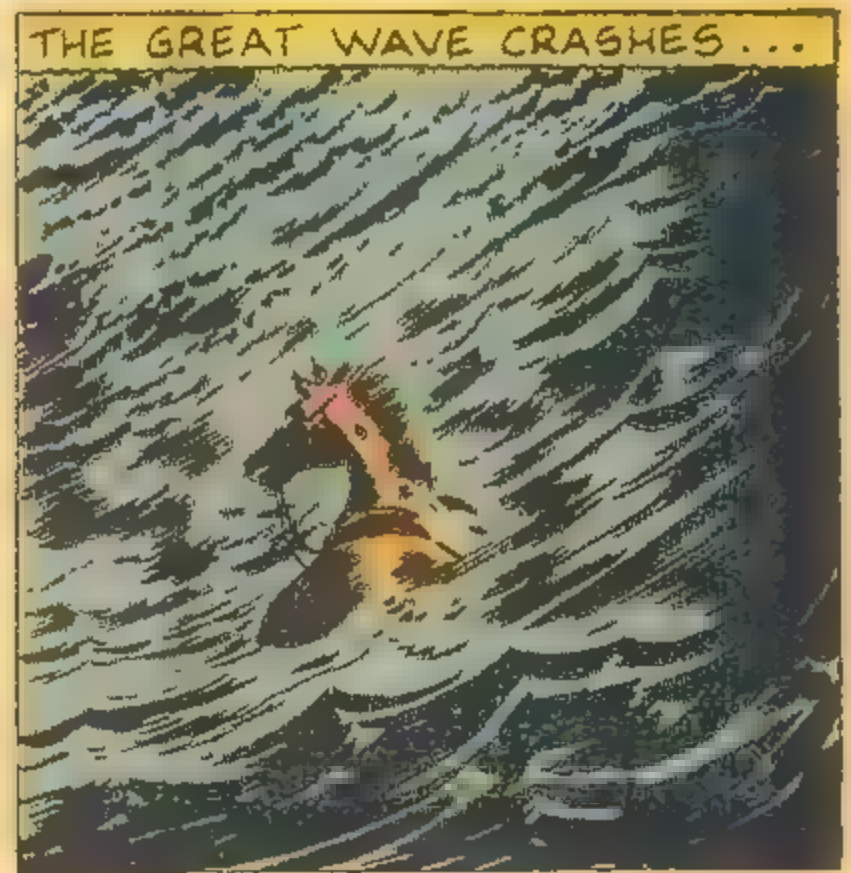
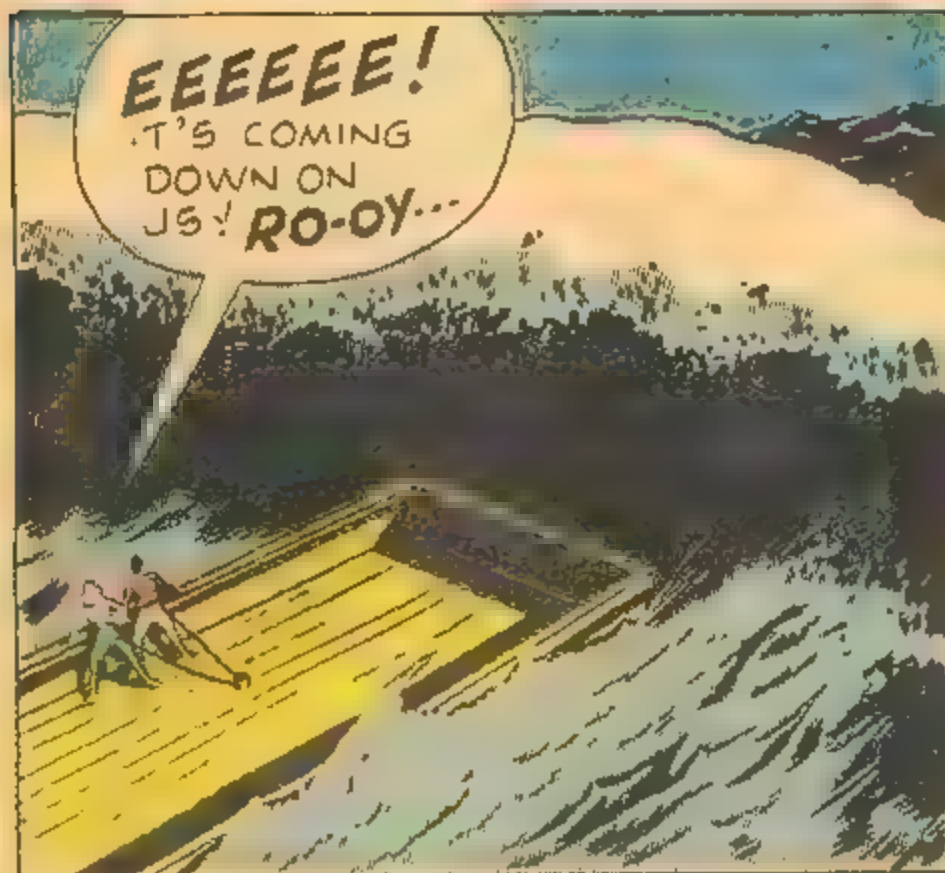
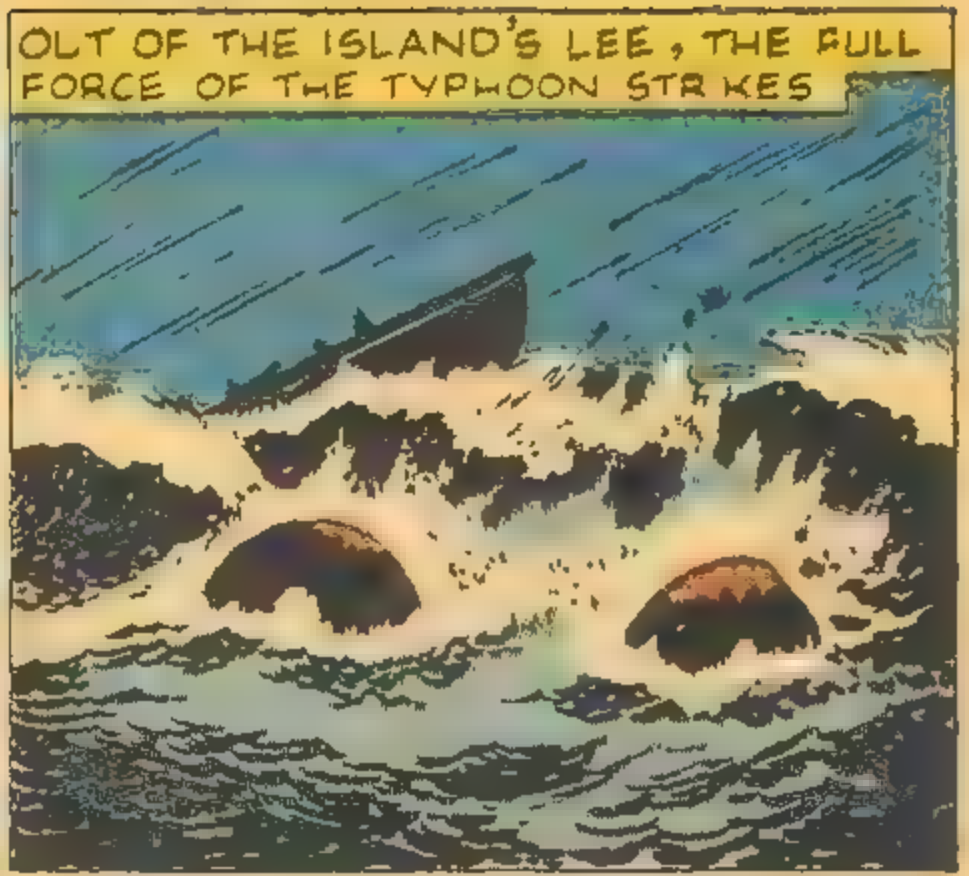




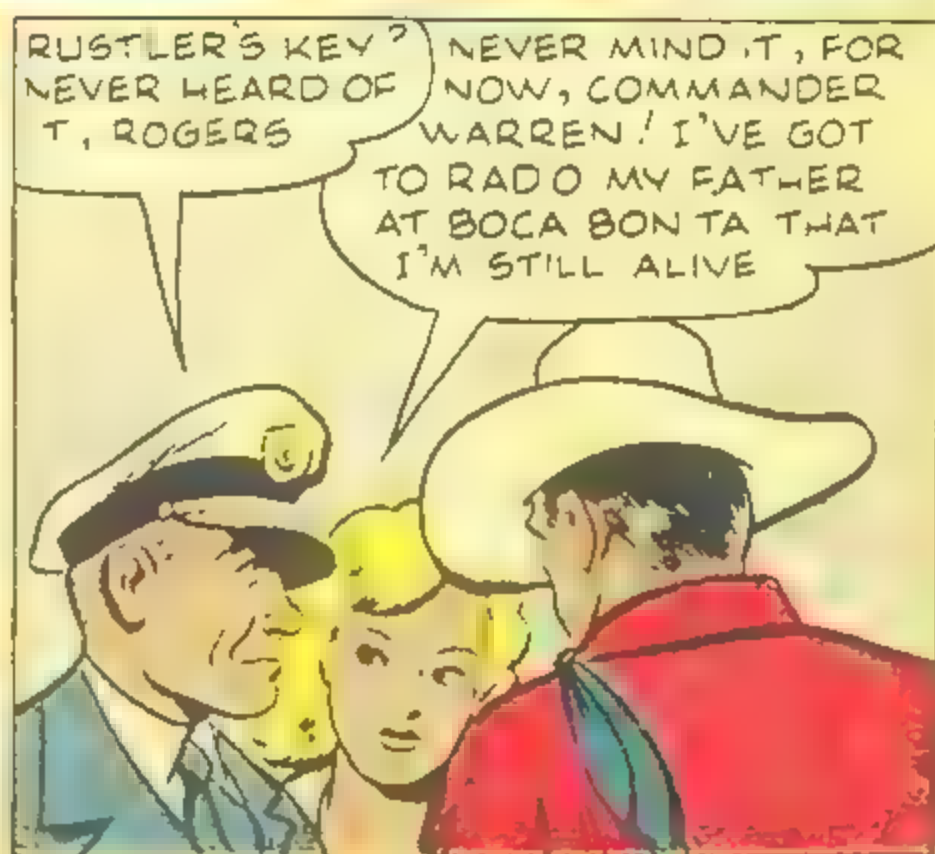
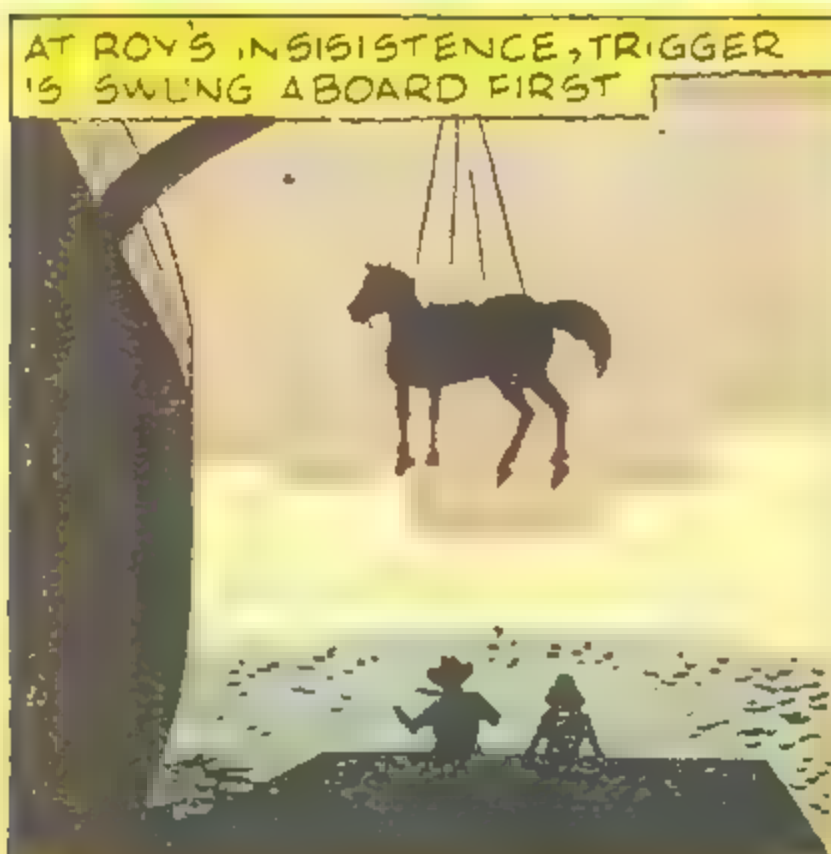
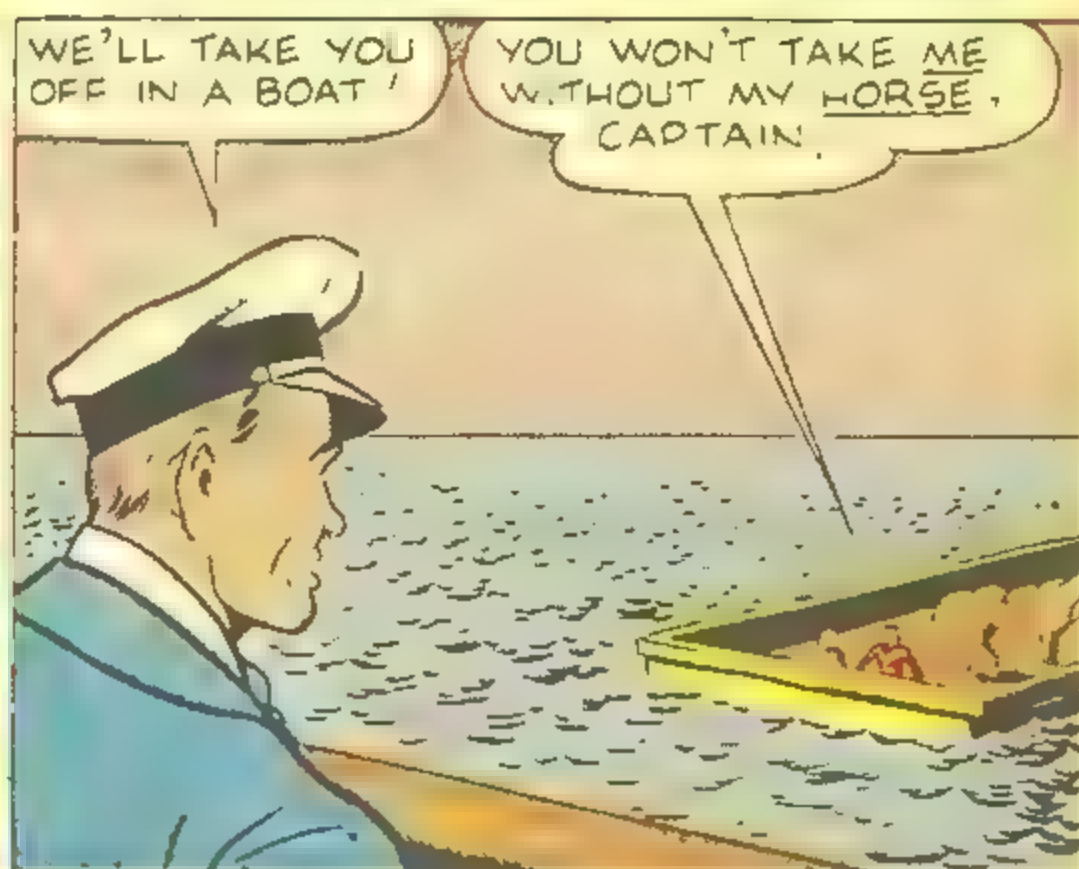
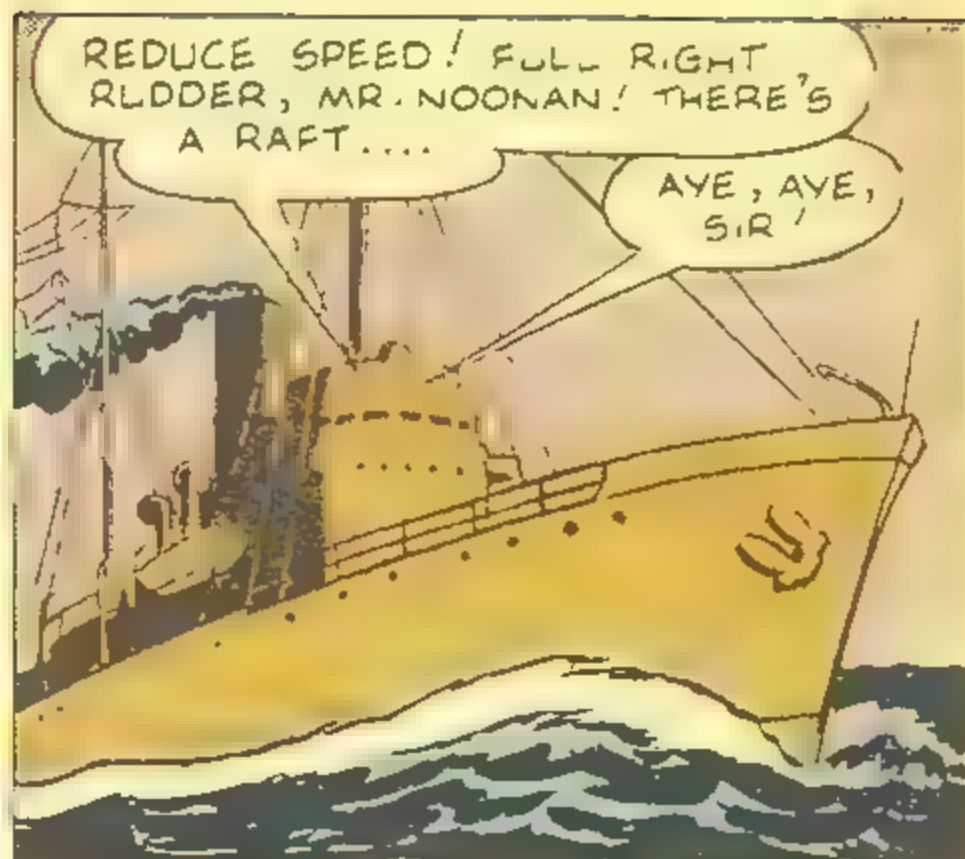














TEN MINUTES LATER THE CUTTER'S RADIO IS BROADCASTING PENNY'S MESSAGE



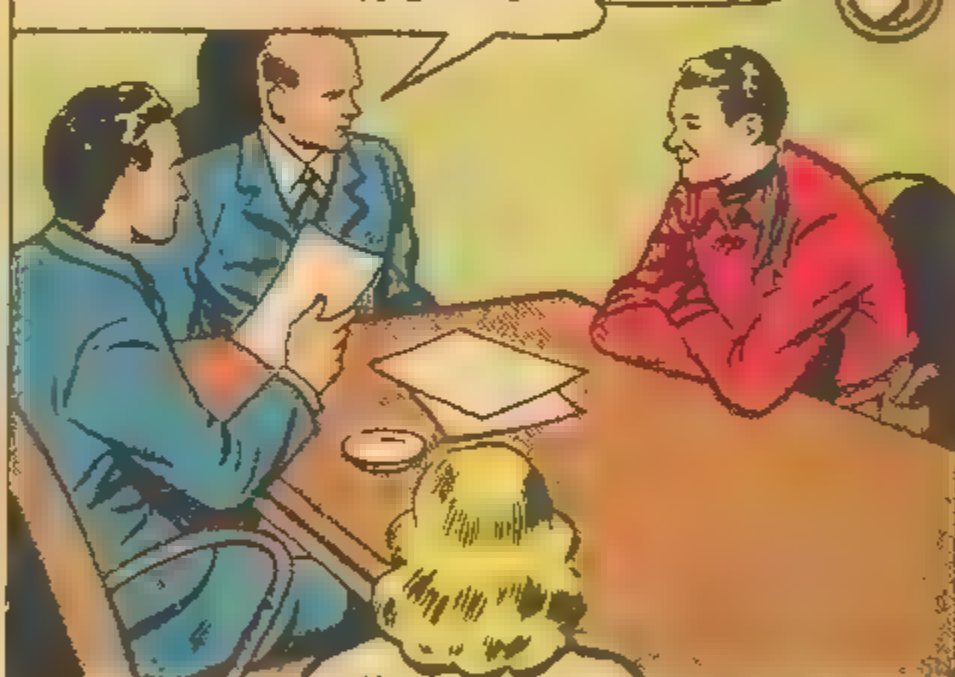
AND IN DAVE BOONE'S GRIEF-STRIKEN HOME, THE TELEPHONE RINGS



SAFE AND WELL! REPEAT THAT RADIOGRAM AGAIN, CAPTAIN...  
"SAFE.. AND.. WELL... ABOARD..  
COAST GUARD... CUTTER....  
NANTICOOK... THANKS TO  
ROY ROGERS.. SIGNED,  
PENNY!"



I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR  
CHECKING YOUR IDENTIFICATIONS  
WITH THE SHORE, MISS BOONE  
.... AND MR. ROGERS



OF COURSE, COMMANDER!  
YOU COULDN'T ACT ON  
OUR STORY WITHOUT  
SOME KIND OF A CHECK

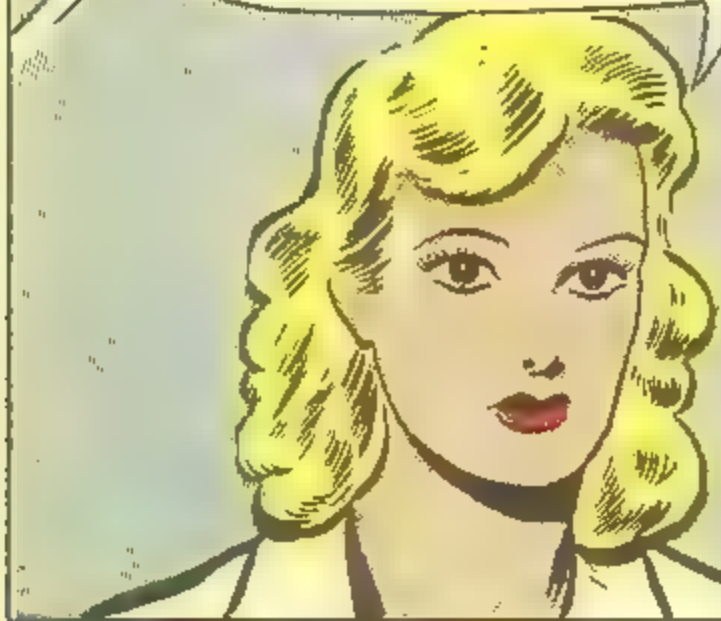


I IMAGINE MISS BOONE'S CHARMING  
SMILE IS ALL THE RECOMMENDATION  
LIEUTENANT NOONAN WOULD REQUIRE!  
BUT, AS SKIPPER OF THIS VESSEL I  
AM FORCED TO BE MORE... AHM...  
CAUTIOUS. EH, MR. NOONAN?





Y-YES...UH... COMMANDER WARREN,  
AYE, AYE, SIR! ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL  
MAKE YOU BEG FOR A  
SMILE...AND I SHAN'T BE  
CHARMING ABOUT IT

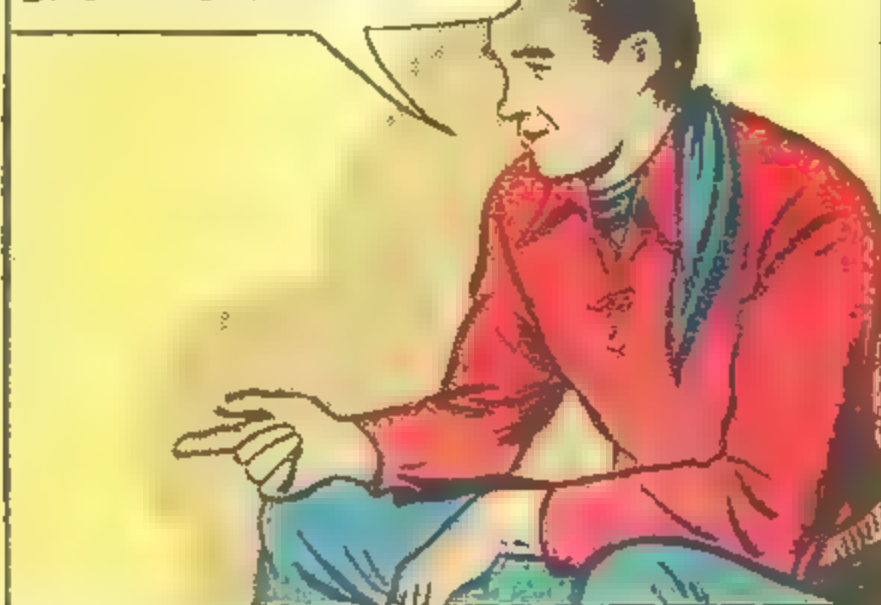


SERIOUSLY, COMMANDER,  
CORRALLING THAT BLNCH  
OF COW THIEVES IS  
A JOB READY MADE  
FOR THE COAST  
GUARD

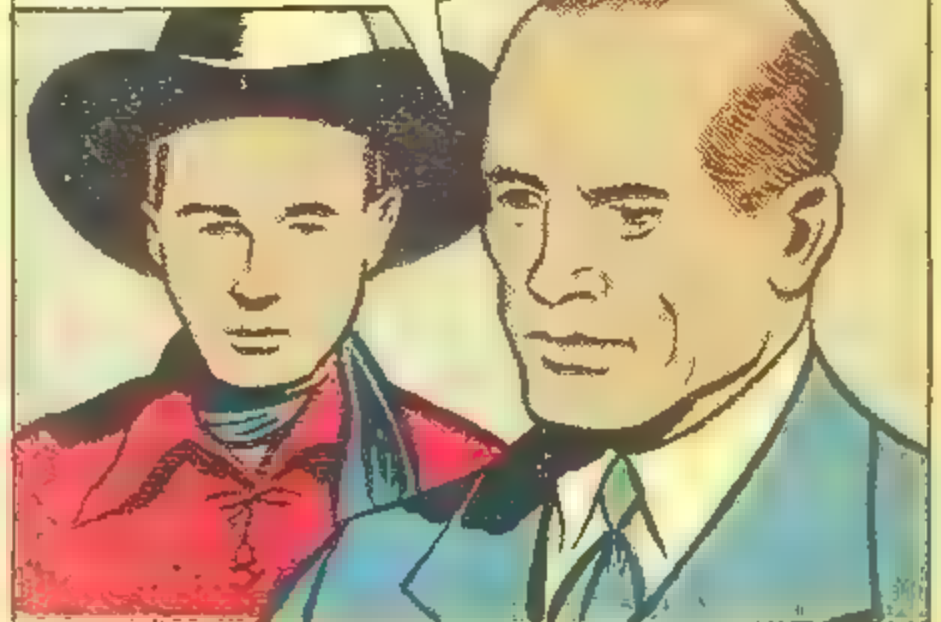
CORRALLING  
THEM? HOW?  
DIDN'T THE TYPHOON  
CLEAN THEM OLT?



I DON'T THINK SO... SOME OR ALL  
OF THE CATTLE MAY HAVE LIVED  
THROUGH IT ON THE ISLAND'S  
HIGHER END. AND THE  
CATTLEBOAT WILL BE  
BACK TO FIND OUT

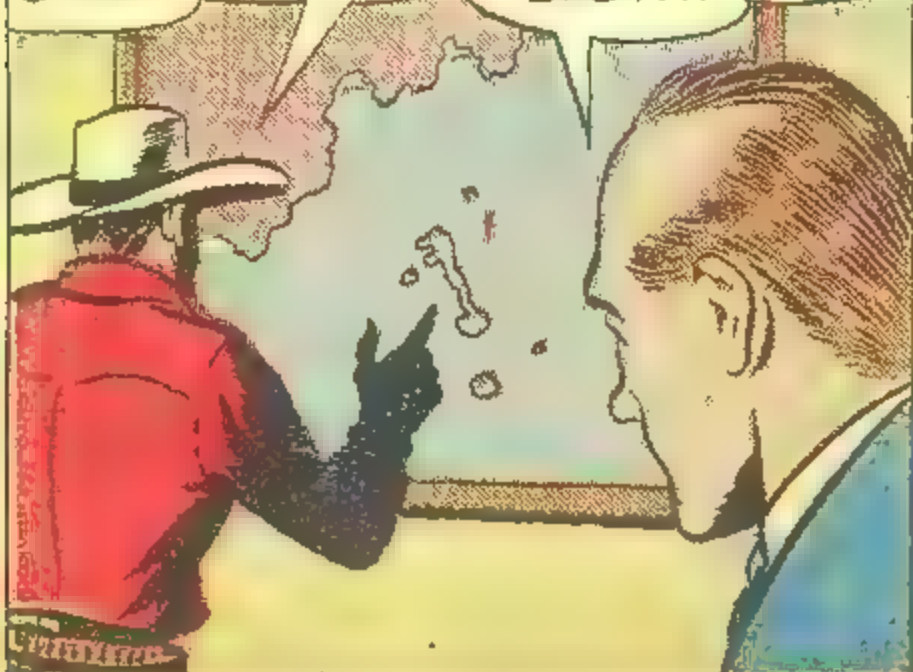


ROGERS, YOU HAVE SOMETHING,  
THERE! LET'S GO UP TO THE  
CHART ROOM AND LOCATE  
THE ISLAND YOU CALL  
RUSTLERS' KEY



THAT'S THE ISLAND,  
COMMANDER...I  
KNOW THE SHAPE  
OF IT

HMMMMM!  
THEY CERTAINLY  
PICKED A LIKELY  
SPOT...



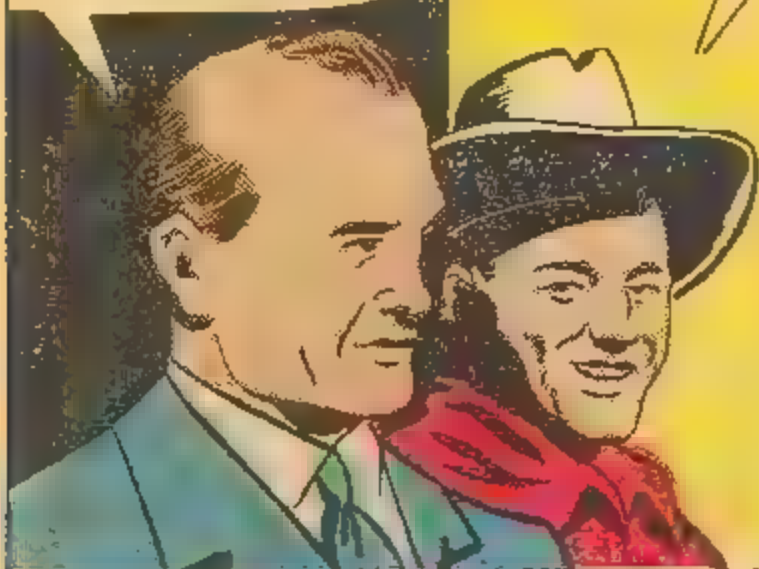
THAT KEY HAS BEEN RE-NAMED  
HALF A DOZEN TIMES IN THE  
PAST HALF CENTURY...RIGHT  
NOW THEY CALL IT CORAL  
BEACHES, AND IT'S BEEN  
DESERTED FOR  
TWENTY YEARS





WE'LL GO DOWN TO THE RADIO ROOM AND CONTACT COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS. I'LL NEED SPECIAL AUTHORIZATION FOR THIS JOB

I SURE HOPE YOU'LL GET IT!

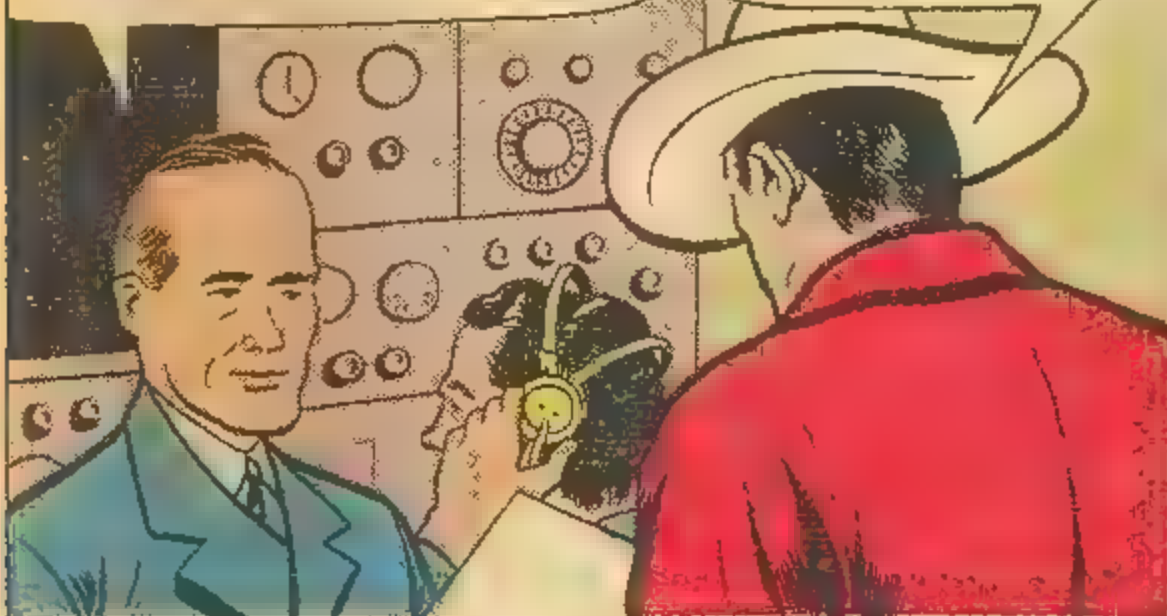


AS THE NANTICOOK RACES TOWARD RUSTLERS' KEY THE HEADQUARTERS MESSAGE IS RECEIVED



WELL, HERE T IS, ROGERS.... AUTHORIZATION TO PUT AN ARMED LANDING PARTY ASHORE AND ACT AS THE CIRCUMSTANCES DICTATE

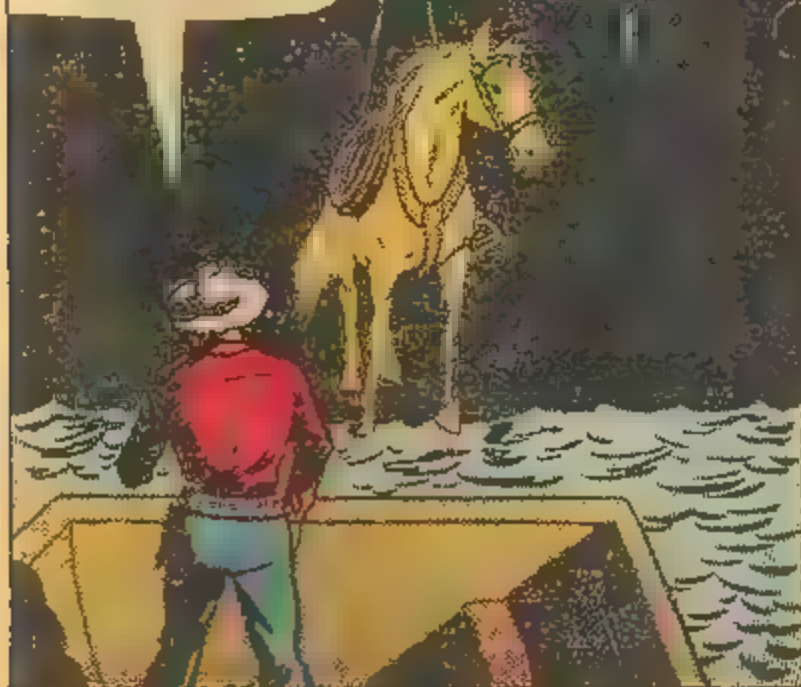
GOOD! COUNT ME AND TRIGGER IN ON THAT PARTY, COMMANDER!



AT SUNSET THE CUTTER MOVES IN, CLOSE TO SHORE, AND LOWERS A WHALE BOAT



OKAY, COMMANDER... YOU CAN LOWER MY HORSE



IT'S ALL RIGHT, TRIGGER, BOY... WE'LL TOW YOU ASHORE





I CAN SEE A LOT OF CATTLE  
FROM HERE, ROGERS



NO SIGN OF  
RUSTLERS  
YET

I RECKON WE'VE  
ARRIVED IN TIME,  
LIEUTENANT



I'LL TAKE A QUICK PASEAR  
AROUND THE KEY...  
BUT THE CATTLE BOAT  
WON'T BE BACK TILL  
NIGHT

PROBABLY  
NOT ....  
WE'LL TAKE  
COVER,  
ANYHOW



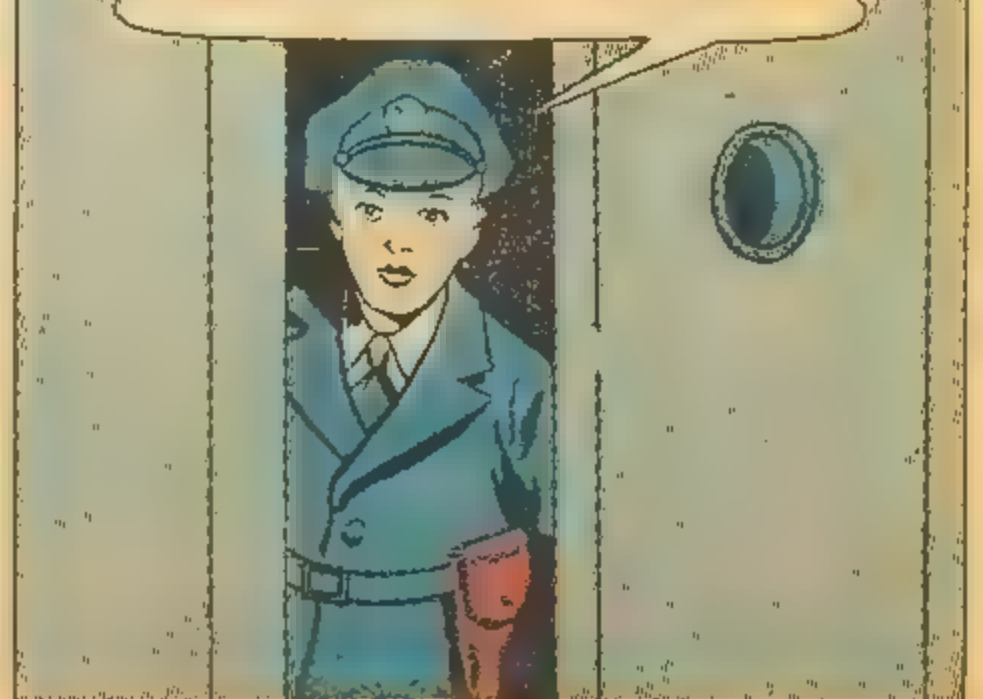
AT EIGHT BELLS, THAT NIGHT, A  
STEALTHY FIGURE ENTERS LT.  
NOONAN'S STATEROOM



I RECKON IF I KEEP MY  
HAIR UP UNDER THIS HAT,  
NOBODY WILL STOP ME,  
IN THE DARK



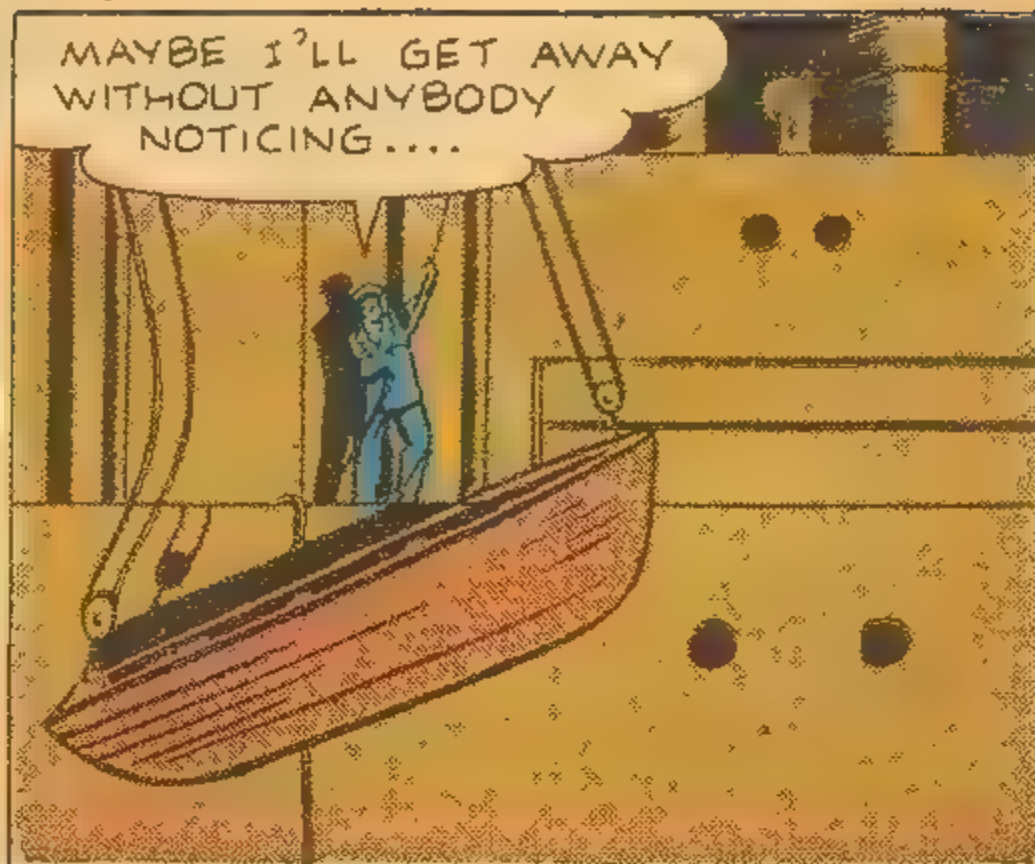
... AND I CAN MIMIC LT.  
NOONAN'S VOICE WELL ENOUGH  
TO FOOL 'MOST ANYBODY





GOOD THING FOR ME THAT THEY'VE DARKENED THE SHIP, SO AS NOT TO SCARE OFF THE RUSTLERS

MAYBE I'LL GET AWAY WITHOUT ANYBODY NOTICING....



WHO'S THAT ... OH! LT. NOONAN! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ASHORE, SIR

I'LL BE ASHORE DIRECTLY... TELL THE LOOKOUT WE'RE EXPECTING THE RUSTLERS TO SHOW UP ANY MOMENT

AYE, AYE, SIR



WELL, THAT'S THAT! ROY ROGERS AND BILL NOONAN ARE GOING TO FIND OUT THAT THEY CAN'T KEEP ME OUT OF ALL THE FUN AND EXCITEMENT!





SA-AY! THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE THE  
**MOTOR LAUNCH!**



CHUFF  
CHUFF  
CHUFF  
CHUFF

OH, BOY! THEY WENT BY FIFTY  
YARDS AWAY AND NEVER  
NOTICED ME. IT'S THE  
RLSTLERS, ALL RIGHT!



CHUFF  
CHUFF  
CHUFF  
CHUFF

MAYBE BILL AND ROY  
WON'T SPOT THEM IN  
TIME... I'D BETTER  
WARN 'EM



PROPELLERS HALF A MILE TO  
THE WEST, SIR... SOUNDS  
LIKE A FREIGHTER COMING  
IN....NOW THEY'VE STOPPED!

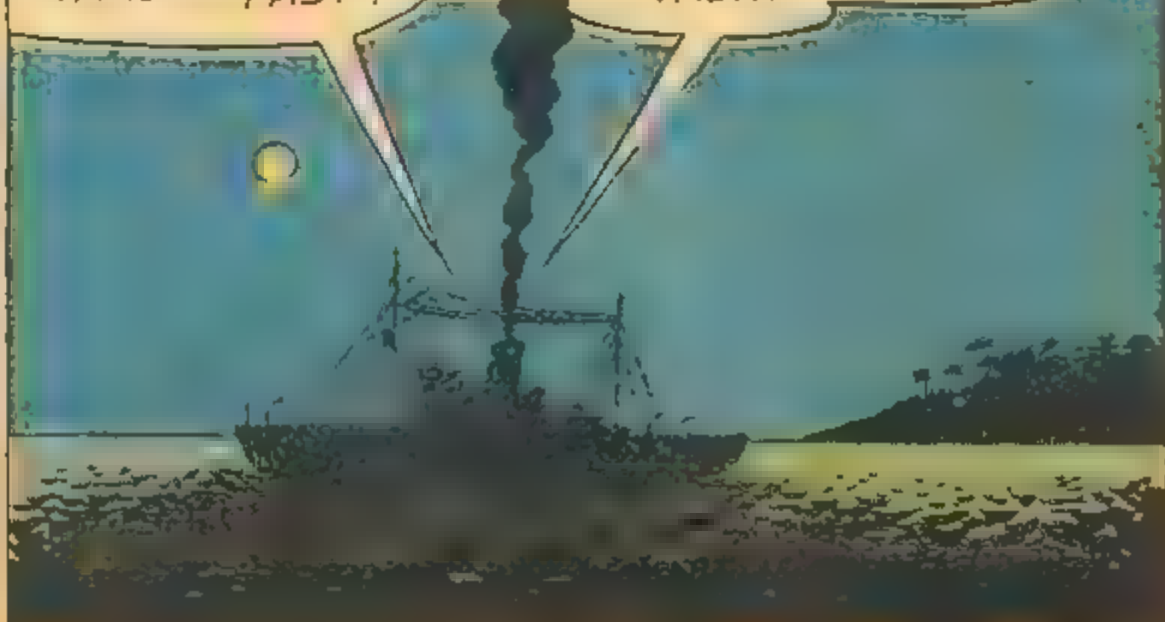


SOUNDS LIKE THE  
CATTLEBOAT ROGERS  
WAS EXPECTING

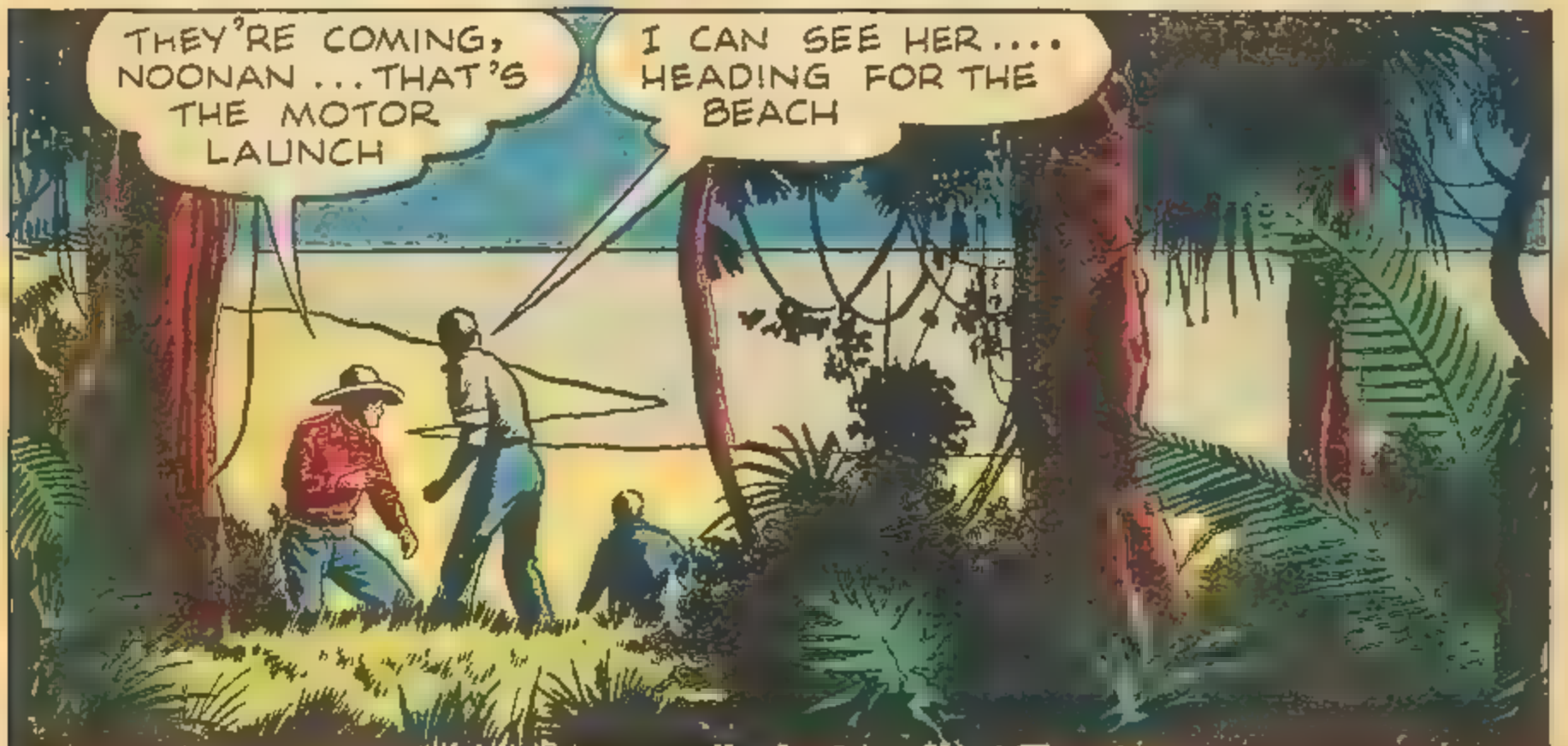


SIR! THERE'S A  
SINGLE, SMALL  
PROPELLER.....  
HEADING SHORE-  
WARD...FAST!

THAT CHECKS! THE  
GANG IS GOING ASHORE  
...LIEUTENANT NOCNAN'S  
PARTY WILL HANDLE  
THEM

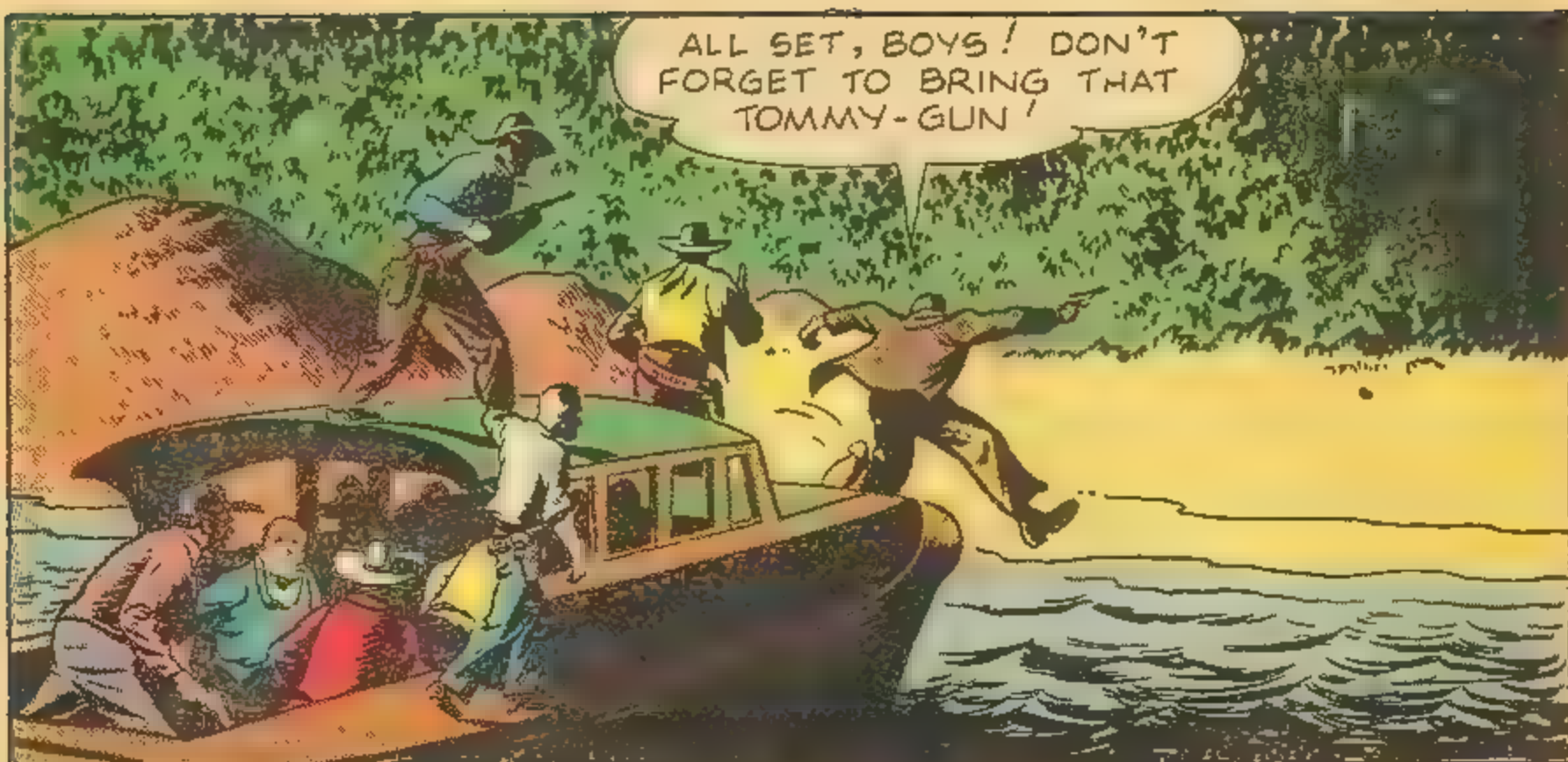




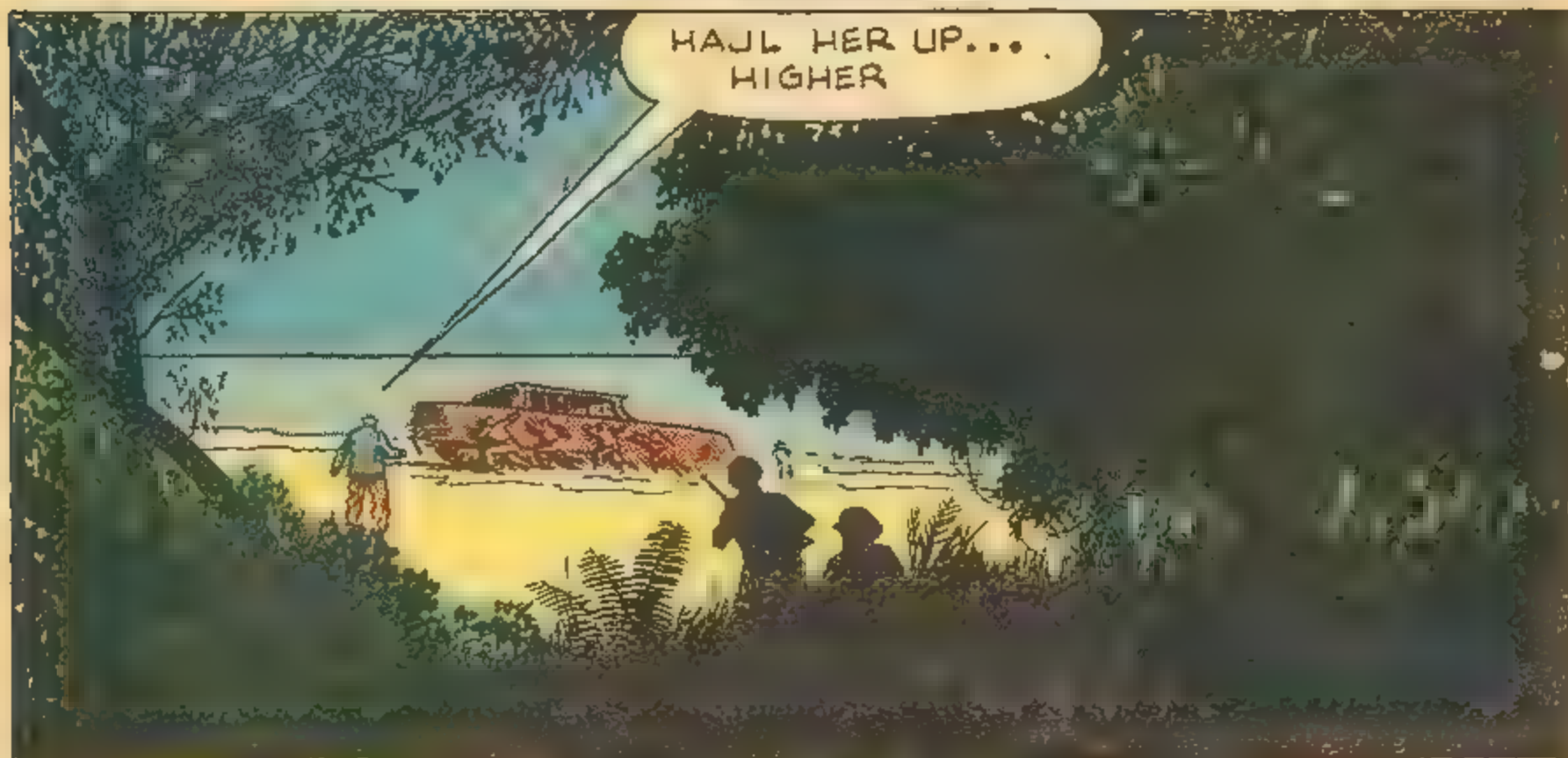




ALL SET, BOYS! DON'T  
FORGET TO BRING THAT  
TOMMY-GUN!



HAUL HER UP...  
HIGHER



HUH?  
A RAID?

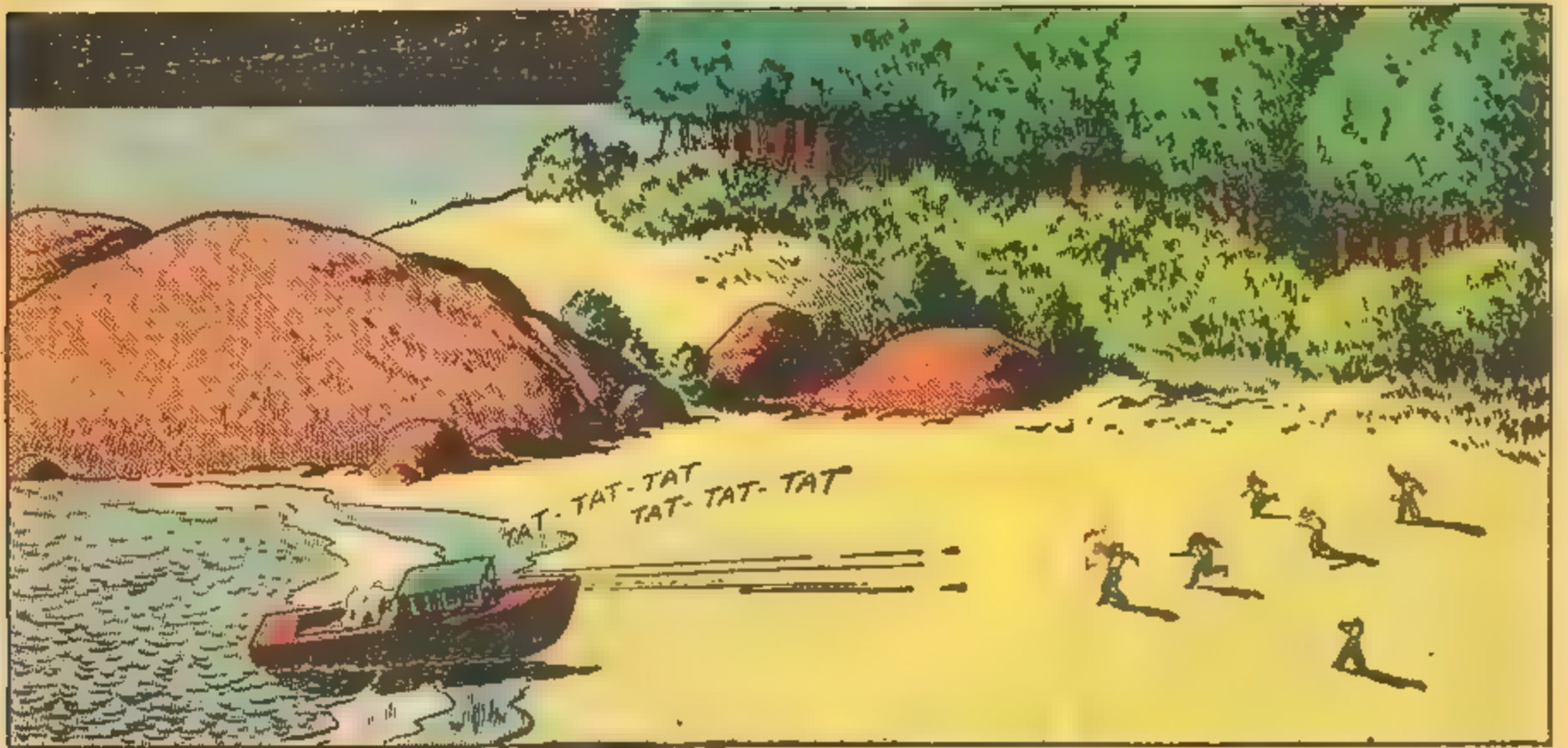
REACH FOR  
THE SKY...  
**HIGHER!**



OKAY...SO I'LL TAKE  
YOU ALONG....**CUT  
LOOSE, BOYS!**

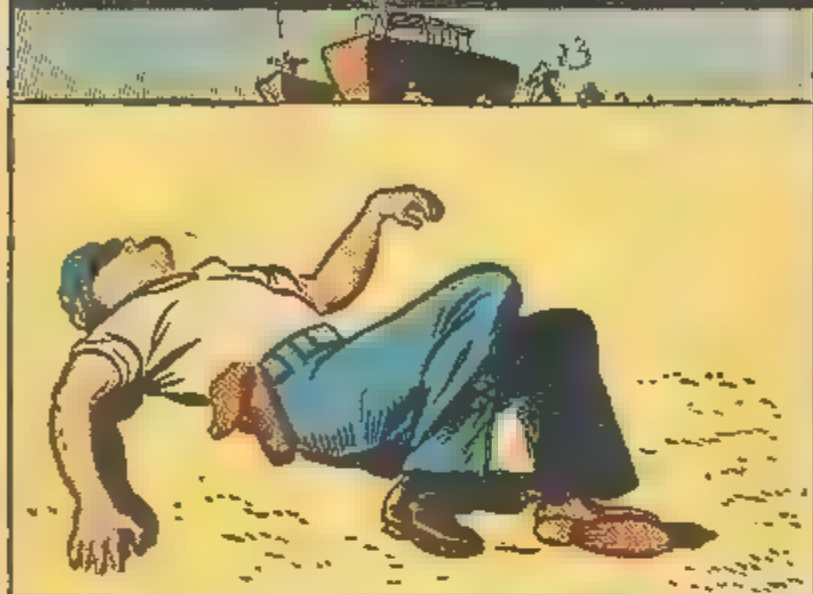




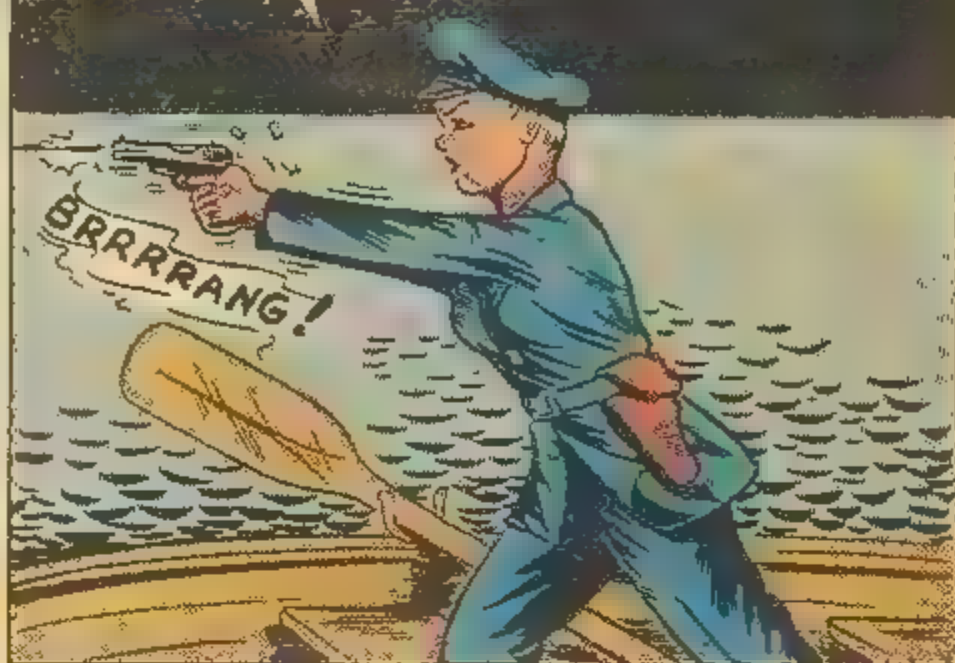




OH! THEY'VE  
KILLED HIM...  
**BILL!**



YOU...  
**BUTCHERS!**



COME ON,  
**COAST GUARD!**



WITH A WILD CHEER THE SEAMEN CHARGE

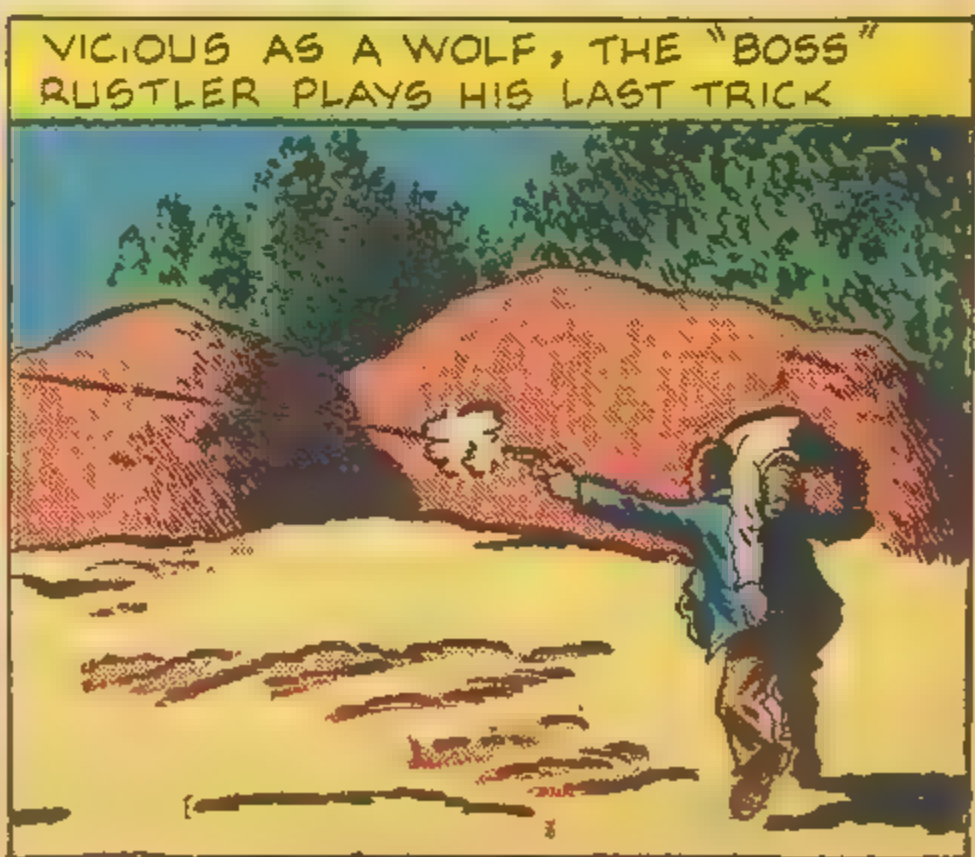
**YEAAAAAY!**



PULL UP, HOMBRE.....  
AND DROP THAT SAILOR!

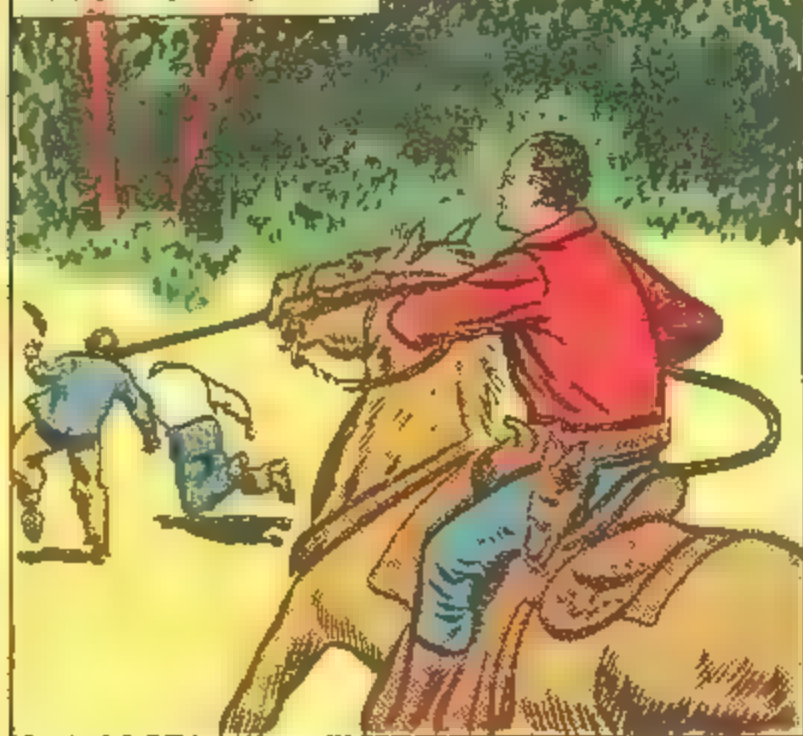


VICIOUS AS A WOLF, THE "BOSS"  
RUSTLER PLAYS HIS LAST TRICK



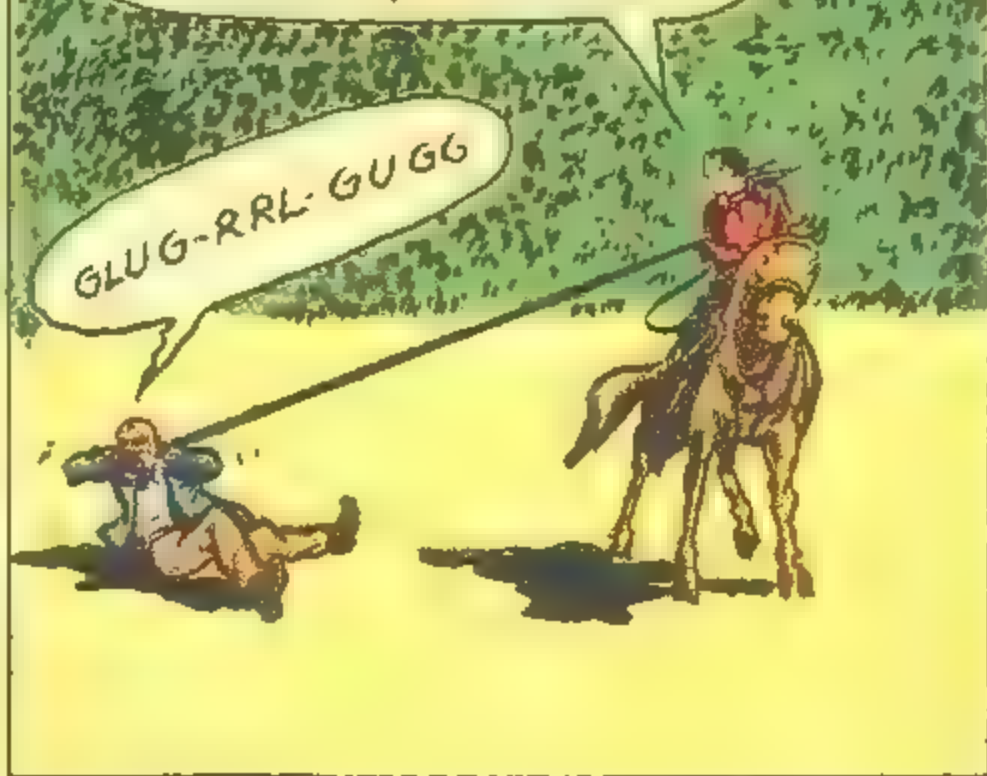


ROY'S SUPERB ROPING SKILL  
DROPS A LOOP OVER THE BIG  
MAN'S HEAD



SOUNDS LIKE HE'S HAD  
ENOUGH, TRIGGER!

GLUG-RRL-GUGG



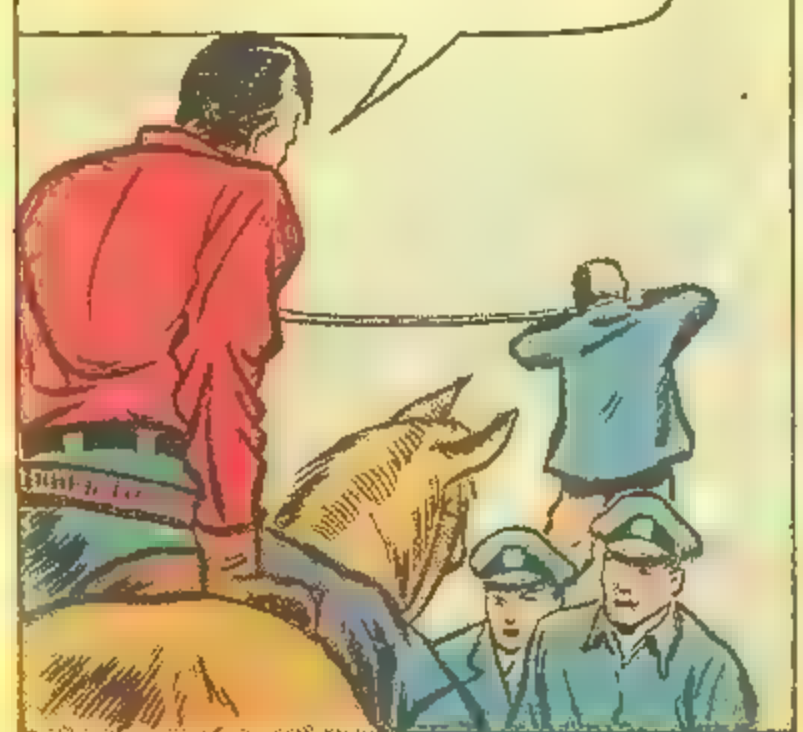
ALL RIGHT...PICK UP THAT  
SAILOR ...GENTLY...AND START  
WALKING AHEAD OF MY  
HORSE



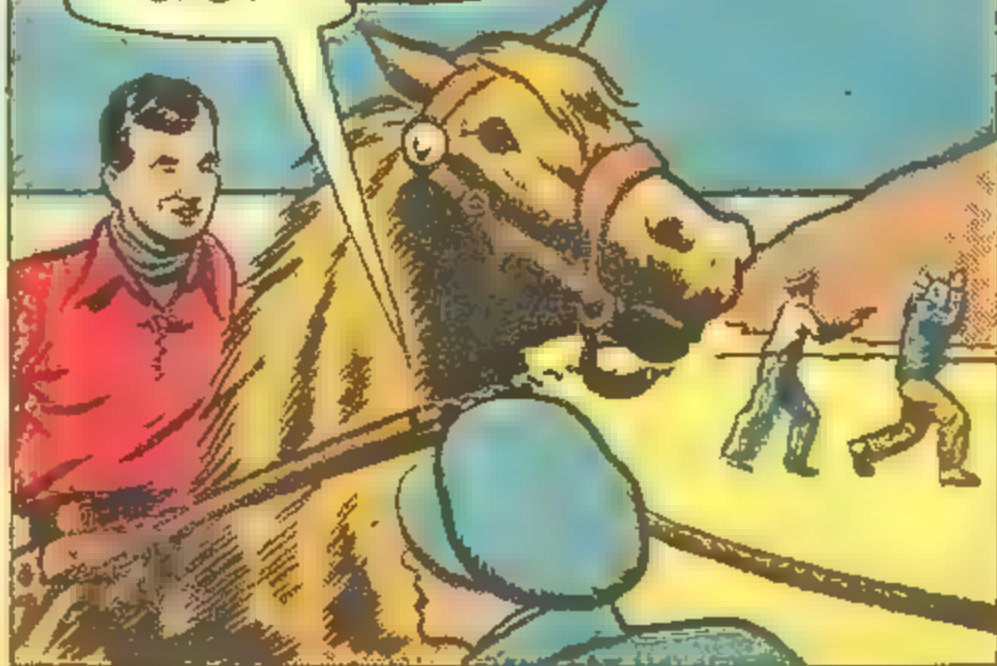
**BILL!** BILL, DEAR... PENNY  
SPEAK TO ME! BOONE!  
DON'T DIE! IS IT  
YOU, OR....



**TWO** LIEUTENANT NOONANS!  
AM I SEEING DOUBLE?



ROY ROGERS! STOP  
LAUGHING AND HELP  
ME...BILL'S BEEN  
SHOT





THAT FREIGHTER HAS  
IGNORED OUR BLINKER  
SIGNAL TO STOP...PUT  
A SHOT ACROSS HER  
BOWS, LEUTENANT  
BOWLES

AYE, AYE,  
SIR....  
NUMBER  
ONE GUN...  
**FIRE!**



AT THE BARK OF THE CUTTER'S  
BOW GUN A SHELL THROWS  
SPRAY OVER THE FREIGHTER'S  
BOW

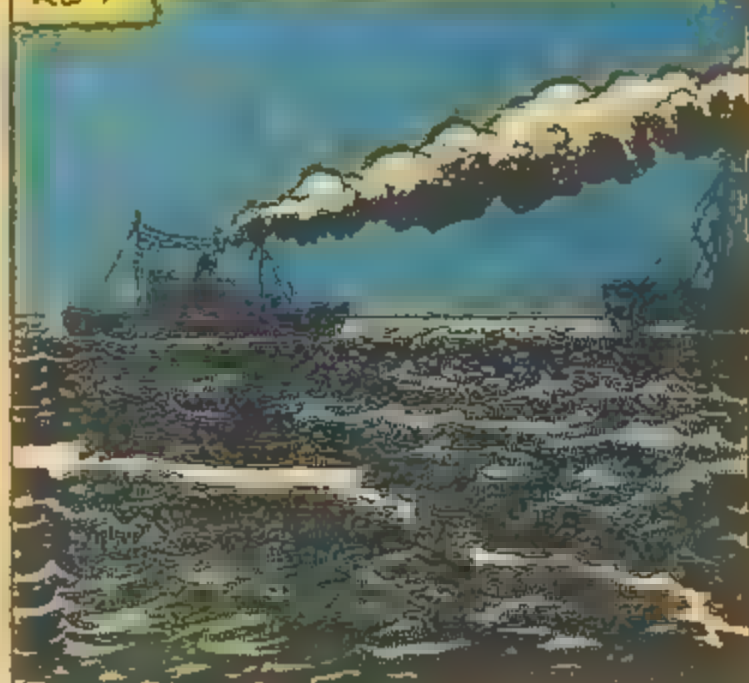


WE'RE CAUGHT...HANG IT!  
STOP THE ENGINES! THROW  
OVERBOARD ALL FIREARMS.  
THEY'VE STILL GOT TO  
PROVE WE'VE BEEN  
HANDLING HOT CATTLE

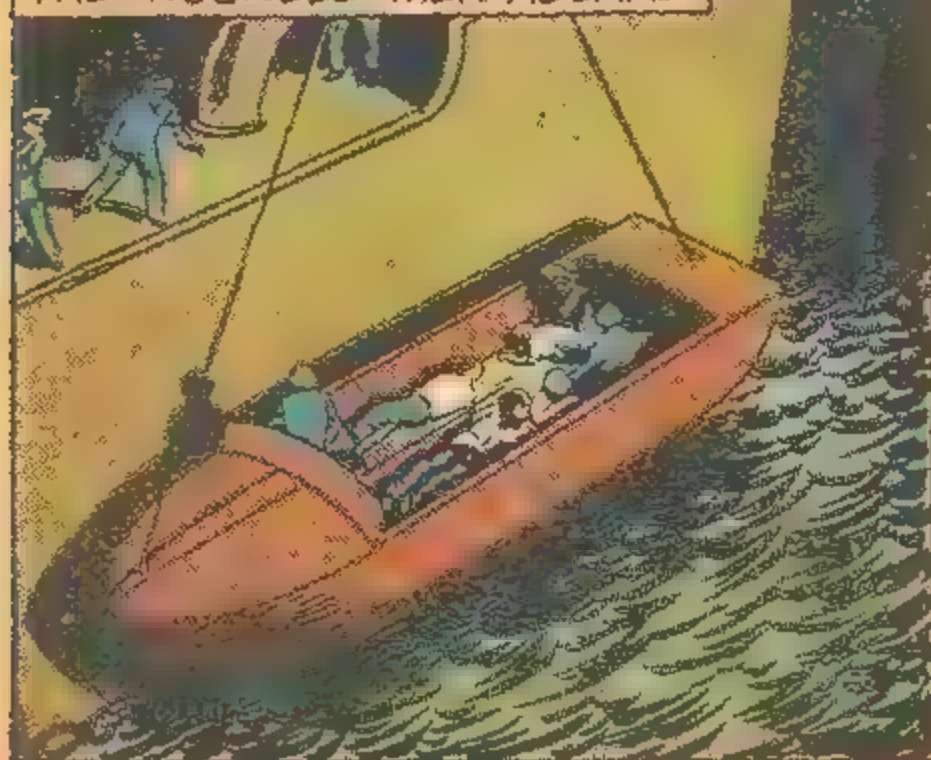
YEAH....  
UNLESS  
SOMEBODY  
SQUEALS!



WITH A PRIZE CREW ABOARD,  
THE FREIGHTER FOLLOWS THE  
CUTTER BACK TO RUSTLER'S  
KEY



AND THE CUTTER'S LAUNCH BRINGS  
THE WOUNDED MEN ABOARD



CONGRATULATIONS, MR. NOONAN  
...MY WORD! YOU'RE NOT...  
YOU'RE MISS BOONE!  
IMPERSONATING AN  
OFFICER!

HUSH,  
COMMANDER!





LIEUTENANT NOONAN WAS TERRIBLY WOUNDED, CAPTURING THOSE RUSTLERS ...AND YOU TALK LOUD ENOUGH TO GIVE HIM FITS

HMMMM!



GO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES, YOUNG LADY... AND THEN COME TO THE SICK BAY AND HELP WITH THE OTHER WOUNDED. **LIVELY NOW!**

Y-YES... I MEAN, AYE, AYE, SIR!



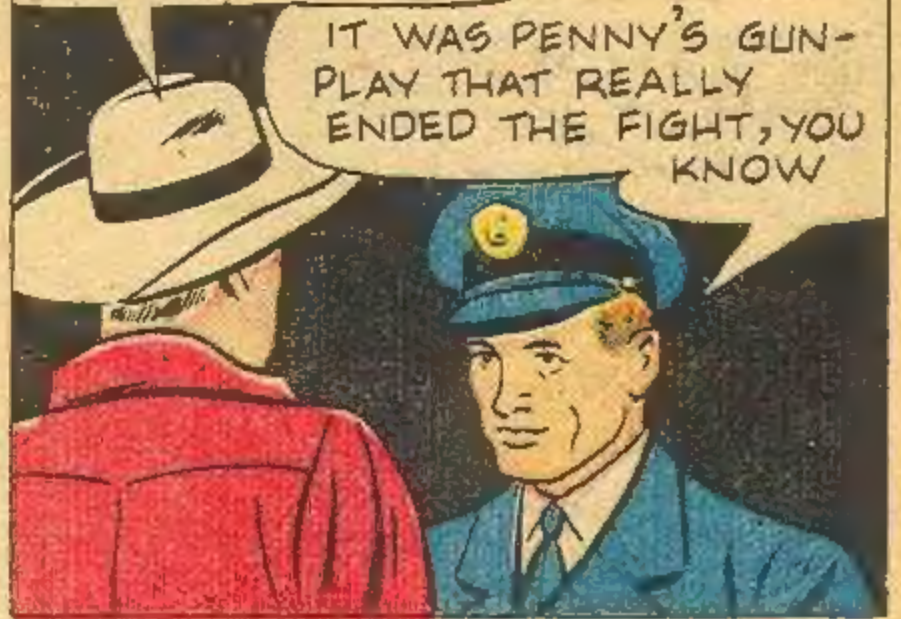
GOOD MORNING, COMMANDER! HERE'S MY TALLY OF THE CATTLE STILL ON THE ISLAND

WELL, YOU CERTAINLY DON'T WASTE TIME, ROGERS



FOUR HUNDRED PRIME BREEDING STOCK... NEARLY HALF OF 'EM DIAMOND B BRAND... WHICH... REMINDS ME... I'VE RADIOED PENNY'S FATHER

IT WAS PENNY'S GUN-PLAY THAT REALLY ENDED THE FIGHT, YOU KNOW



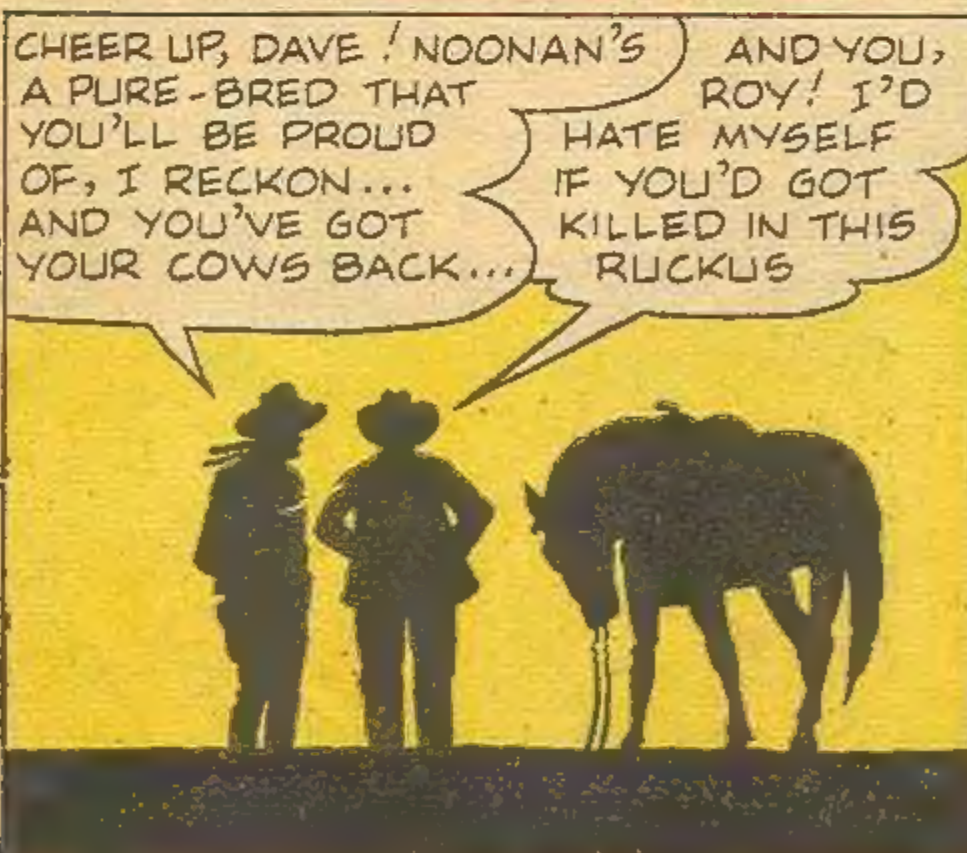
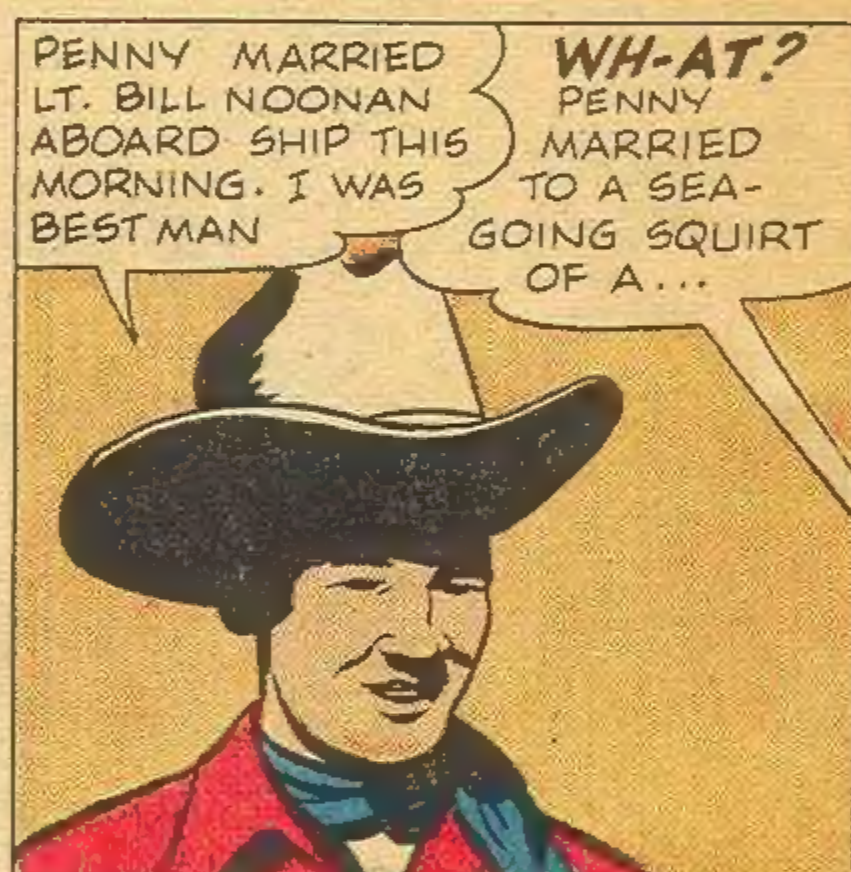
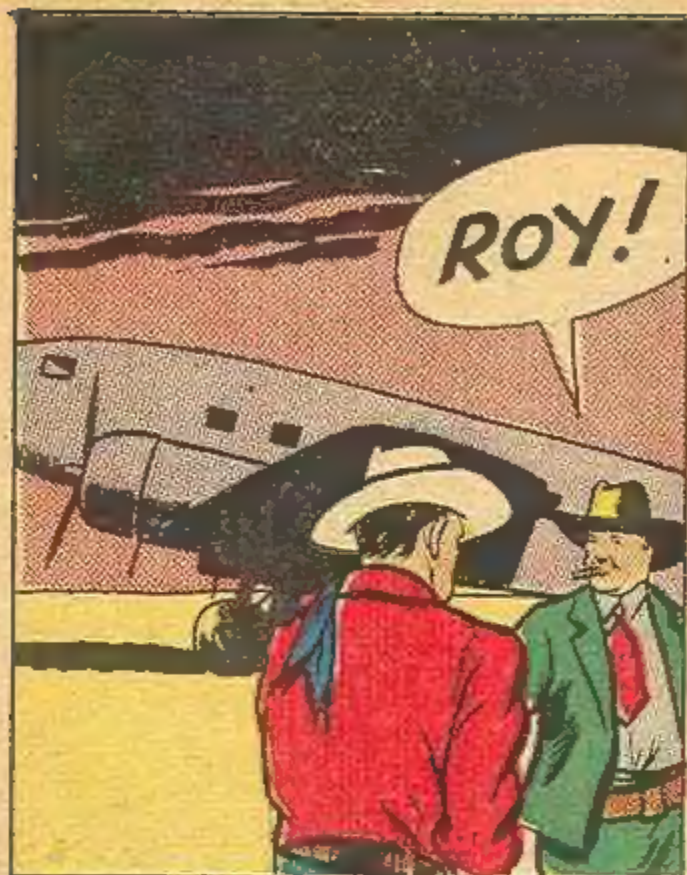
THERE'S THE HOSPITAL PLANE COMING IN FOR THE STRETCHER CASES! GLAD YOU'RE NOT ONE OF 'EM, ROGERS



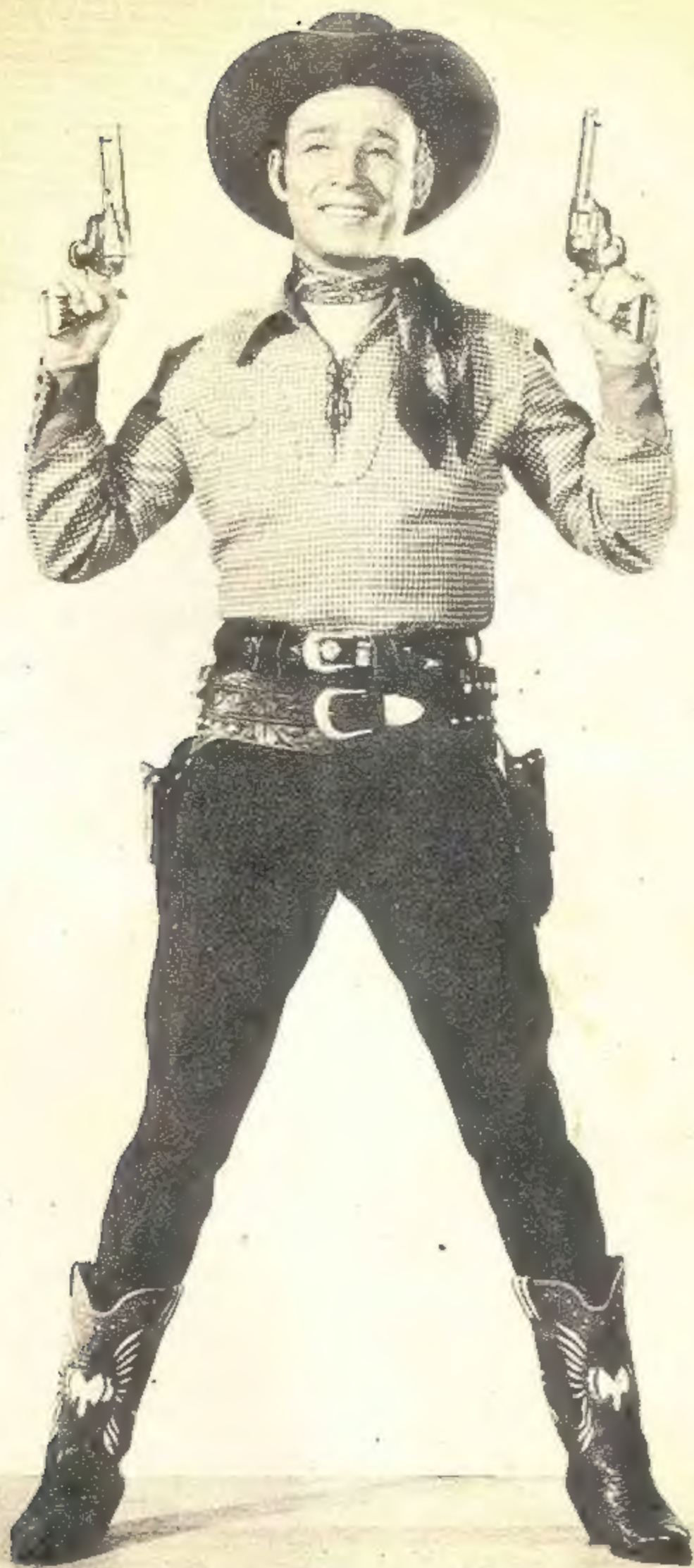
DAVID BOONE IS ON THAT PLANE, ROGERS! YOU BREAK THE BIG NEWS TO HIM... I'M SHOVING OFF











*Roy Rogers*



